



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Love is art in which all are teachers.—*Zeno.*

The discovery of thought is one of the mysteries of life.

As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely.

Recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.

What is a joy? A sunbeam between two black clouds.—*Mme. Deluzy.*

Thought, in its true sense, is an energy of intellect.—*W. E. Channing.*

Every point of thought is the centre of an intellectual world.—*Sachs Hans.*

Every man's ability may be strengthened or increased by culture.—*J. Abbott.*

The effect or influence of thoughts may be imagined but never calculated.—*J. G. Hewlett.*

There is more strength in true thought than in the whirlwind or the lightning.—*C. B. Smith.*

Much learning shows how little mortals know, much wealth how little worldling can enjoy.—*E. Young.*

As a good tree produces good fruit, even so does a virtuous soul produce pure thoughts.—*Aphra Behn.*

Friends are not pebbles lying in every path, but pearls, gathered with much gain and rare as they are precious.

The man of understanding reasons only according to what he has learned; but the man of genius according to himself.—*Lorraine.*

On every hand a new light is breaking, surely even though, upon all sorts and conditions of persons and institutions.—*W. J. Colville.*

Word is a habit which we give imagination, in order to clothe thought, and make it better known by the color by which it is painted.—*La Prettieuse.*

Wealth is a weak anchor, and glory can not support a man; this is the law of God, that virtue only is firm, and can not be shaken by a tempest.—*Pythagoras.*

As nothing truly valuable can be attained without industry, so there can be no persevering industry without a deep sense of the value of time.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

The contemplation of beauty in nature, in art, in literature, in human character, diffuses through our being a soothing and subtle joy, by which the heart's anxious and aching cares are softly smiled away.—*E. P. Whipple.*

The world applauds the donor who is influenced by a power he can not resist to give his goods, but angels credit the unknown and unpretentious giver in the back ground whose loving prayer has made an incision even into the miser's heart and brought forth a result that nothing could have occasioned short of that most stupendous miracle-worker in the world, divine, human affection.—*W. J. Colville.*

N. F. RAVLIN IN SAN JOSE.

[The following report, from the San Jose Mercury, of one of Rev. N. F. Ravlin's recent discourses in that city—his old stamping ground—is full of pith. It shows how a brave man can stand up for his honest convictions.]

I shall find it necessary this evening to deal a little in my individual experiences. For many years I have been an independent thinker and an outspoken preacher. When I commenced my independent investigation of the truth, it was without any idea of where it would lead me or where it would end. I have no particular concern about it now. I speak next Sunday in Oakland, on "Eternal Progression," and that embodies my idea of the investigation of the truth; it is never ending. It is not for me to say in what particular direction the investigation shall lead me. I am guided by a power above me. It is utterly impossible for man to grow in a knowledge of the truth if he does not change. He should not stand to-day where he stood yesterday. He should be higher, his observation broader, if he is truly developing. If stationary, he is certainly lifeless. He is like a dead tree, which grows no apples—becomes smaller and smaller, and finally wastes away.

Man who ceases to grow in knowledge will die, and soon there will be no evidence that he ever lived. But with such men as live, grow, advance and develop, it is different. But you can't superintend and control the force which brings up these new emotions of existence. It is as impossible to do it as it is to steer the planets or control the elements. You will recollect that it is some time since I ceased to be orthodox in my views of the truth, and yet at the same time I have perfect confidence, in my own consciousness, that the more heretical my views, as judged by the common standard of belief, the nearer they approximate the truth. Nobody is responsible for me except myself. Your individuality is destroyed upon any other hypothesis. Once I felt deeply prejudiced against what is commonly termed Spiritualism. I mentally said, over and over again, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" I had believed in spiritual philosophy, but I had never believed in spiritual phenomena; and I wish to speak this evening on what Spiritualism is and what it is not. Spiritualism has suffered terribly from being in bad company, and one great mistake is that much has been rung into the arena of spiritual philosophy which has no connection whatever with Spiritualism. Here a man denounces the Bible, denies Christ and says he is a Spiritualist. This denunciation and denial form no part of the doctrine of Spiritualism. Spiritualism denies nothing unless it be fraud, sin and crime.

A true Spiritualist may be a member of an orthodox church. Spiritualism is not a denial of the Scriptures, neither is it necessarily affirmative of their truth. Spiritualists may disagree on religious points. Disbelief is not the motive of Spiritualism; neither has the social question any part in it. Free love has no part in it, and yet there is a wonderful difference between free love and free lust; as much difference as there is between heaven and hell. You are asked to love one another, to love every one, and to do unto others as ye would them do unto you. This is the fundamental essence of true Spiritualism. Free love has no part in it, and yet the record from David down shows that the Christian Church has not afforded a sufficient protection against licentiousness. It does not become Christians to attack Spiritualism on the score of free love, with such a record before them. But I want it understood that Spiritualism repudiates the doctrine of free love as it is commonly known and understood. I have not changed my views of truth or religious belief except on one single point, and that is the central essence of Spiritualism—the power and possibility of spirit return. I have never believed in this until recently. Not long ago, in the Baptist pulpit, I denounced this as a fraud. I simply wish on this occasion to retract the utterance and to ask the forgiveness of every good, honest and true medium in Christendom. When convinced that I am wrong, I am willing to admit it; but when satisfied that I am right, I will give expression to my sentiments if I have breath to do it. There are many frauds among the mediums and many fraudulent practices have been permitted in the name of Spiritualism. My

personal experiences, before I denounced mediums, were with that class. But their practices had nothing in common with true Spiritualism. There is no creed that contains the whole truth; there is no church without its black sheep; no great body of men and women, congregated together, who are what they seem or what they profess to be. But the system should not be condemned on account of frauds carried out in its name. The first point of spiritual philosophy is the existence of man after death. Orthodox Christians believe that and are so far Spiritualists. The next point is the return of spirits to communicate from the spirit world, through mediums, with us in the material world. The church people do not believe that except in a general sense. They speak of spirits hovering around them, but they don't believe in mediumistic communication. They are only two-thirds Spiritualists. The last point is a knowledge of spiritual truth and the development of spiritual knowledge. That's Spiritualism, and you can't comprehend it in a name or embrace it in a term. I am different since I left San Jose. I did not then believe that my spirit friends could communicate with me through mediums. I now believe they do, and I know they have so communicated.

It is said that because I believe my wife, my son and my parents have sent me messages of love that I have fallen into the snare of the devil. Well, it is a most delightful snare, if true. An angelic val-halla, lined with roses and swung by angel hands. I believe in prayer, in God, in the spiritual importance of the Scriptures, in spiritual truth, in Jesus Christ, as much as I ever did, in every essential principle of Christian virtue, in everything good, and I am opposed to everything wrong; and I am in harmony and sympathy with the angel hands that are leading me on. That's my idea of Christian Spiritualism. Am I such a despicable wretch, then, because I don't believe as you do? It is my privilege to believe; yours not to believe. This is a free platform. If you say to be a Spiritualist, I must deny Jesus Christ and the Scriptures, then I say I want no such doctrine. But, as I have said, Spiritualism has no such narrow plan. The platform is large enough for all, who, though differing on non-essential points, meet on the common ground of a belief in spiritual philosophy and spiritual phenomena. I can not speak in any of the churches, so I must follow the Lord's example and seek the highways and byways. Spiritualism has long been synonymous with everything that is contemptible and vile. It comes nearer, on that account, being like the despised Nazarine, than all the sects in Christendom. Can any good come out of Nazareth? Can any good come out of Spiritualism? Is it a fact that Ravlin has sunk so low, in becoming a Spiritualist, that all the good in him is hopelessly and irretrievably lost? The common report says yes, and yet I will take the Spiritualistic platform with all its record, for it is the only position that I can take.

Mr. Ravlin then told how he was converted. Through a medium in San Francisco he received messages from his son, Pliny, who died nine years ago. He had since received other communications, which thoroughly convinced him of the actuality of the phenomena. "Am I a fool, or insane," he went on, "because I believe my son can talk to me? I would sooner die than disbelieve it. It is one of my most precious experiences. If you have never investigated Spiritualism, never had any tests, you can't judge intelligently or consistently pronounce sentence against those who have. I can't see anything criminal or weak in a belief in Spiritualism. I never had clearer views of truth, a greater desire to lead a pure and blameless life, and I never realized that there is no such thing as death, until I became a believer. If you don't wish to become a Spiritualist, better not investigate; but I beg of you to quit your denunciation. Spiritualists are just as honest as you are, just as worthy and just as much entitled to respect. If every friend I have on earth were to cut loose from me forever, it would not alter my belief that my loved ones can talk to me and are with me."

TRUE GREATNESS never needs to advertise itself, except by exhibiting, as it ever does in daily life, the meek and lowly spirit which forgets self in remembrance of others.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

From the Sun Angel's Order of Light.

There has ever been in the hearts of the children of earth, a great lack of interior unfoldment; for which reason, the higher and holier truths could find no resting place. It is not strange that this has been the case, because between the valley and the mountain tops lie many battle-fields, where self must become the victor, and each battle gained brings the victor just so much nearer the heart of Deity.

The mountain top is as yet far away, though the breath therefrom floats valleyward, laden with the love thoughts of those who have marked out their own redemption from bondage formed by the wedding of mind and matter, and stand self poised under the wisdom arch. It is of this I would more particularly speak, because many there are, both on the summer and winter side of time, who are raising their voices in words of protestation, against the grand truth held before the world as incarnation, through actual workings of which have the wisdom spirits reached the position they now hold, and which could not have been otherwise attained to.

Dwellers of the unseen shores come to you, and in reply to your questions assert the untruthfulness of the fact, and their words are accepted simply because they are spirits, which I assure you is no good reason for such acceptance, for it must be borne in mind that spirits disrobed of the materiality through which they have been known in earthlands are not immediately allwise, in fact they stand just where the outbound tide left them, until from an impetus born of their soul's necessity, they reach out for the gems of wisdom, that never elude the grasp of the earnest and honest seeker.

Such spirits bear not the cross questioning of even the dwellers of earth; then again there are spirits who are in many things wise, and whose words sent earthward are like lines of light to many, and yet they assert the untruthfulness of the fact and make great efforts to prove the position they have taken. Saidie assures you that even such will yet again touch matter and thereby weave the truths we are endeavoring to reveal unto you, into their inner consciousness. Your heart's query is: why is it thus? and I will answer, these spirits have in ages too far back to mention, been dwellers of earth on some other planet, at which time they were zealous workers, seeking to draw from the seen and unseen the wisdom they craved, for remember they were no idlers, but sought for deepest wisdom, and when from long studies they evolved a conclusion that to them was satisfactory, they accepted it as stepping stone to which nothing more could be added, and guarded with jealous eyes, their souls, unearthed diamonds. In this way they came to feel as gods, which feeling has never through, the long ages left them, and they doubt not they hold the keys of the Deific halls. These same wise spirits were not seekers of spiritual wisdom; had they been they would not to-day stand an opposing power to the truth we bring you.

I speak but the truth, when I say that not until they, through incarnation, quicken and unfold their spiritual natures, will they ever get beyond the self-planted hedge rows that surround them, nor until then will memory be able to reach the yet ungleamed harvest fields of the past; for Saidie assures you that spiritual unfoldment is the soul's lamp that lights the eternities of the past, and casts long lines of light towards the eternities of the future. I speak thus unto you, that you may weigh well the earthsent messages of these self-bound spirits, who have never met in council with the wisdom fathers and mothers of your planet, and are not willing even now to accept the testimony of those who have thus met and that wisdom beyond what they have attained to, does not exist, and the result is they are like islands in mid ocean, and are landmarks of a long ago.

Saidie censures them not, yet she would guard the angel loved children of earth lest they stumble against the rocks of ignorance by them cast earthward, through the valleys of incarnation, wherein are many battles, must the hilltops of wisdom be reached, when the dross that has been mixed with the pure gold, will have been

consumed by the fires of experience that are kindled by the circumstances called forth by the wedding of mind and matter. I would furthermore say to the children of earth, let each one look over the book kept by their inner selves and see how it reads, for Saidie knows by a long experience how easy it is for the children of earth to assume an external credit that the book unseen to the world speaks not of. I say this because there is great need of inner purity, and Saidie would have no dead sea of soul within the sacred bounds of the Sun Angel Order of Light, even in its earth expression, for through this one avenue does she hope and expect to see an inflowing current of wisdom and spiritual unfoldment, that will leave on the landmarks of the present a record told in living light towards which the children of the future will turn in a gladness of heart.

Saidie wishes also to say unto the children of earth, to whom these words are sent, read them not over idly and lay them by, but remember they are the expressions of a heart that never ceases its labors of love for your good, and who thinks it none too great a sacrifice to leave the shores of eternal summers, that she may thereby lead the children of earth into paths that in their homeward windings are fraught with peace. Saidie sorrows much for the selfish grasping for the gold of earth that at times comes under her gaze. It is wise and well to secure enough to make independent the journey of life; this all should do, but it is just as unwise, when that point is reached and the golden tide still inflowing, to not cover at least a few shining forms of earth, and to feed a few of the hungry, hollow-eyed, homeless ones, whose appeals would make but sad music in your ears, mingled with the glad songs chanted in the morning land. Saidie assures you that the good that lies in your power to do, from which you turn your eyes; will be to you in the soul's forever, an accusing power that will rob the sunniest hours of your sweetest peace. The echoes of the eternities make sad music for expectant ears.

Saidie speaks plainly, and if she is a true guide she must make plain the paths by the light of her soul lamp, and point out the marshy lands lest some be lost therein. Walk in the true light and peace unbroken will be to your soul like the bloom scented breath from the morning lands of the souls forever. SAIDIE.

Given through the Sun Angels Order of Light by the Scribe.

J. B. FAYETTE, President.

OSWEGO, 1886.

A Puzzling Question.

[Youth's Companion.]

Some persons seem wholly unable to cope with scientific facts, their inability being doubtless due largely to circumstances and their education. For hundreds of generations men were puzzled by the same problem which now seems so simple to us. A teacher in a western county in Canada, while making calls among the people, came into conversation with a farmer's wife from Vermont, who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course the school and former teacher came in for criticism, and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked:

"Wa'al, master, what do you think he learned the scholars?"

"I couldn't say, ma'am. Pray what did he teach?"

"Wa'al, he told 'em this 'ere arth was round; what do you think of such stuff?"

Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorant, the teacher evasively remarked:

"It does seem strange, but still there are many learned men who teach those things."

"Wa'al," says she, "if the earth is round and goes round, what holds it up?"

"Oh, these learned men say that it goes round the sun, and the sun holds it up by virtue of attraction."

The old lady lowered her specs, and responded with this poser:

"Wa'al, if these high larnt men sez the sun holds up the arth, I should like to know what holds the arth up when the sun goes down?"

CARROT SOUP without meat stock is a favorite French prescription for clearing the skin. A woman who uses it will be many carrots fine.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

COMPARATIVE HISTORY.

Baron Bunsen Compared With "Oahspe" and the "History of the Origin of All Things" on Prehistoric Times.

BY E. WHITTLE.

(Concluded.)

The "History of the Origin of all Things" was written through L. M. Arnold, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1852. After a few years it passed out of print, but has been recently republished by a lady in Boston. It purports to have emanated from the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth. Whoever the dictating influence was he displays great familiarity with general history, philosophy and science, but the medium seems to have been an imperfect instrument. The same subject recurs on so many pages, and the scientific and historical narrative is so interspersed with prayers and theological summer-saults that one becomes confused and impatient in trying to glean the wheat from this mountain of chaff. If some good compiler should devote himself to the task of rescuing a hundred pages from this volume and then re-classify and publish in this condensed form, we should have a book that would well repay for the perusal. I will endeavor to epitomize the historical and philosophical, or metaphysical, portions of this work.

Man's origin is assumed to be from God. His course is either convergent or divergent, never parallel. Man's first estate was in Paradise—a spiritual country along the borders of solar systems—where he lived in quiet happiness, removed from pain, having no knowledge of affliction or of temptation. Here he was dual, male and female. No events mark a progress, or recall, or measure its period. He was innocent, passive, not clothed with either an earthly or spirit body, but with a celestial body. The first spirit that left paradise for the earth entered a body which had been prepared through the natural earth-race.

Long before rational man appeared on this globe a race of irrational men existed, having simple social regulations, who did much toward subduing the earth before man's arrival.

In the origin of the responsible, rational race, a mother was selected from the natural earth race by the angels who had charge over generation, and the mother of that mother. By two consecutive proceedings on the part of the "Word," the two mothers were caused to conceive without animal congress. The result was a being highly organized, the admiration of its mother and the wonder of all the animal race.

"Hydatids often occur in females of unspotted reputation which never come to maturity. If sentency were impressed upon this it would progress to maturity. This the "Word" is adequate to accomplish. Jesus was conceived in this way,"—see page 96.

When the body was thus prepared the first Adam, or soul, or spirit from paradise entered it at its first inspiration. Thus, the theory of evolution and the theory of a special divine descent meet half way and become reconciled.

Breath, Word and Man (father, mother and son) form a trinity. All souls proceeded from God at the same time, through the action of the Word, but some remained a longer and some a shorter time in paradise before proceeding to their material embodiment. The Adams were emanated from God and the Eves were emanated (separated) from the Adams. The Adams usually left paradise before their mates.

God is generic, embracing the dual principles of Father and Mother, or Wisdom and Love, or the Breath and the Word. The Breath is the Form of Deity; the Word is the Substance of Deity. The Word was the first procedure from the Unity of God, and was separated, or emanated, long before the visible creation arose. The Word is the first finite and forms the *nexus* between man and God. So the work of creation proceeded from the Breath and the Word which were the form of God's duality. Again, the Word is that absolute substance which may be conceived *per se*—that which is in itself and can not be referred to another. This absolute substance is manifested or precipitated upon three planes, or in three discrete degrees, the lower one of which is subject of speculation to the natural philosopher. These three planes may be called celestial, spiritual and natural. That which we are accustomed to call substance in either of these discrete domains is only an affection of the substance *per se*, an affection of that ultimate Reality which forever eludes the senses. These affections are manifested in trines. Thus: By a procedure of the Word a unit or series of units of motion (apparent substance) resulted, which was the equation of two polar principles, positive and negative, and this unit was the base of a series of spiral atomic forms which, by their union, produced nature upon the celestial plane. By a second procedure of the Word, the ultimate unit of the spiritual plane was projected. This also embraced a trinity of attributes—a positive, a negative, and the equation of these. The series of circular atomic forms projected from this base element combined to produce nature on the spiritual plane. A third procedure of the Word projected the simple base which may be called Body—Body being the equation or equilibra-

tion of the two polar principles—caloric and magnetism. From thence proceeded a series of globular atomic forms—the elements of the chemist—which combined to produce material nature. Now the persistence of these affections which we call substance, depends every hour and every moment upon that ultimate reality, the real substance—the Word which is the Divine Love.

The Deluge is referred in this volume to a period vastly more remote than any other author has ventured to place it. Rational man had been on earth six thousand years when this event transpired. And these antediluvians are described as having possessed straight, full necks, a caudal appendage, and six fingers and toes. The Deluge is assumed to have occurred more than a million years ago (see pp. 38 to 40).

The nature of this event as here set forth makes a strong appeal to our credulity. It was no less than the rupture and separation of the globe's crust, by means of which the moon was formed. The moon was formed about the time that Venus became a globe, and while Mercury was yet a ring.

It is here alleged that the original crust of the earth was an exterior shell above and surrounding the one we now occupy; that in the remote ages this shell thickened and contracted until the maximum limit thereof was reached. Inequalities of surface were produced by lateral compression and by crushings. Its thickness and solidity finally prevented its settling to accommodate itself to the constantly retreating nucleus. So at last the fluid beneath the crust retreated several miles, leaving an atmospheric stratum between. Eventually the fluid surface beneath the outer crust solidified, so that there was an outer and an inner crust, with an atmosphere between. The antediluvians lived on the surface of the outer crust. The catastrophe was the breaking up of this crust and the formation of a ring from its equatorial parts. The polar portions fell to the inner crust, having but little centrifugal force. The ring ruptured, doubled inwardly and gradually wound up into a ball or globe.

After the moon became a globe it formed two crusts, the outer crust being thin and much flattened at the poles. This polar portion finally collapsed and fell to the inner crust. The inner body then moved to the opposite side and came in contact with the inside of the outer crust, leaving an opening of eighty degrees where the pole fell in. This heavy side was then presented to the earth with the polar opening on opposite side. This polar opening is inhabited.

The aurora borealis is a faint representation of the manner in which the sun is lighted, and is a prophecy of the manner in which the earth will be lighted in future ages. The Ark floated to the polar circle, which settled with that portion of the crust and rested on the inner crust without shock. The North Pole was then in Thibet; the South Pole was in the central table-land of Mexico, (which would throw the axis a thousand miles or more to one side of the center).

So Noah rested with his Ark on the old surface which had collapsed and fell in, forming the elevated table-land of Thibet. This was less fertile than the new surface under the changed atmospheric conditions. Therefore Noah left the land of Thibet and journeyed until he came to a land with the new surface, which was China. China was then the Western coast of a continent stretching over a greater part of the Pacific Ocean. Subsequent changes have made a new water shed for China. Atlantis, in the Atlantic Ocean, was the last great submergence, 10,000 or 12,000 years ago. The peak of Tenerife and island of St. Helena are remains of Atlantis. In the remote history of the earth many such changes occurred destroying whole races.

Noah, it is claimed, founded the Chinese Empire, which flourished 360,000 years uncontrolled by foreign influence. It was then conquered by barbarians from the South. Another ruption followed from the East and from Thibet, thus the religion was corrupted. Again an irruption from India, wars, famines, etc., greatly depopulated China.

Shem founded a nation in India, on the Ganges; Japhet founded a nation in Greece, from which branched colonies—one in Mesopotamia, where Nimrod, grandson of Noah, became powerful. Assyria, Palestine, Phœnicia, Ionia and Egypt were settled by Japhet's descendants. Ham went to the sources of the Nile, in the heart of Africa, and there founded a great empire. Italy was settled by vagabondic, law-breaking individuals from Greece. "Shem," "Ham" and "Japhet," in the Bible, are but names of nations that arose long afterwards. India, Egypt and Assyria bore the names of Shem, Ham and Japhet. The parent stock in China, after the departure of the three sons, became stationary by habit, custom and inclination. The restless spirits from paradise were born in other nations. So peace and quiet were preserved in this. The Jews were descended from Abraham by way of Mesopotamia, and hence from Japhet. Abraham lived many hundred years earlier than the period assigned by the accepted chronology. The Great Pyramid contains the records of the revelations of former ages.

Egypt was settled in early times, but inundations and physical revelations destroyed its population, so that the commencement of its history as a nation was about 20,000 B. C. Its population was first derived from India and Assyria.

The original home of the "Shepherd Kings" was in Scythia.

Phœnicia became a commercial nation 10,000 B. C. It was originally settled from Arabia and India. The Saxons were derived from the Georgians. They left the region of the Caucasus when Alexander invaded Persia, and reached the Baltic at Riga. The bravest finally arrived at the Peninsula of Jutland about 150 A. D. They finally possessed England and Scotland. America will be the final seat of their power. England must fall before the combined power of the "Dragon of Rome," and the "False Prophet of Europe." America will become the refuge of England's nobles, royalty and riches. They will seek this refuge when invasion shall have conquered and power overthrown England. One mind, one thought, one government, one nation shall then comprise the Anglo-Saxon Race. Then will the powers of earth and hell be arrayed against America.

Let us now ask how much resemblance and how much discrepancy there is between Bunsen and the two works which I have briefly reviewed. Bunsen did not persuade himself that he had succeeded in deciphering more than a small fraction of the pre-historic records, and he rarely published conclusions in advance of the facts he had deciphered. In Egypt he found no evidence that the people had ever possessed a knowledge of a Deluge; but farther last he found traditions of such an event. His conclusion was that the Deluge occurred about 10,000 B. C., that it was local in character, being confined to the region about the Caspian Sea, and that it was a great physical convulsion which wrought a marked change in topography of that quarter of the globe. "Oahspe" assumes the Deluge occurred 25,000 years ago and consisted in the submergence of Pan, a large continent in the Pacific Ocean.

The "History of the Origin of All Things" assumes that the Deluge occurred more than a million years ago, and that it consisted in the breaking up and dispersion of the crust of the earth and the formation of our moon. We should certainly wait for more and better digested facts before becoming exclusively committed to either of these views.

Bunsen rather tacitly admits the theological doctrine of man's creation, but utterly scouts the idea of the literal and personal genealogies from Adam to Abraham, holding that those genealogies embrace tribes, races, and immense periods of time. "Oahspe" postulates a race of irrational men about 6000 years before the advent of rational man. Rational man became anchored to matter by a process of materialization 75,000 years ago, and the intermediate races of Abel and Cain by a union of these two. The "History of the Origin of All Things" also postulates a race of irrational men 6000 years anterior to the first Adam. But the first Adam secured his footing on earth, not by direct materialization, but by the selection of a mother from the natural earth race, and by the procedure of the Word through this mother, independent of an earth father. This was considerably more than a million years ago.

In the settlement of the great divisions of the earth, and in the dispersion of races and the rise and fall of nations, there is no very marked discrepancy between the three sources I have been reviewing, except on minor details. The discrepancy is far greater in regard to time than in the order of events.

While I peruse the works of Bunsen, Rawlinson and Smythe with a feeling of comparative confidence that I am treading on firm ground, I nevertheless confess to a sense of great profit, and certainly of great pleasure, in perusing such works as "Oahspe" and the "History of the Origin of All Things." They suggest to any Columbuses who have eyes to see and ears to hear, not only the probability of the existence of undiscovered lands, but also the further probability that those lands abound with records, and peoples, and treasures, about which we are anxious to learn something. It is well to heed all practical duties, to become familiar with our own geography and physical boundaries, to learn our relations to the objects and agents around us. But the hunger of the soul is not appeased by an exclusive attention to affairs which minister alone to the needs of the outward and present life. We revert to the past as a long absent traveler reverts to the home of his childhood. That old home is no less sacred because it cradled his form in the years of tenderness and undisciplined powers. Yet the past history of the race on earth is more important to us than the history of our own family. How did man first gain his entrance into this world, and what fortunes, what triumphs, and what tragedies, have marked his wonderful career through the long forgotten ages? How the soul longs to behold the panorama, to recover the records, to read the epic and gaze upon the canvas that shall truly delineate the actualized events!

It is well that we keep familiarized with the hints, and suggestions, and speculations which assure us that a glorious land lies just beyond the mists and fogs amidst which we are now groping. Ere long the Reconciler will appear, who will decipher for us this maze of record, tradition and myth; one who will be delegated by the ancients to open the secret vaults where they deposited their precious documents when the earth was about to enter into the dark places, and one who will be qualified to interpret with fidelity all of that

past which will be essential to the needs of the present age.

As the universal era dawns, the world is entitled to the dower which the past has bequeathed; hence the eagerness with which so many ask of that past. All hail to those who interrogate the ancient days, and who place their beacon lights along the route they have blazed in this wilderness, now grown up rank over the places where the stately cities once stood. When the time is ripe, the keys to the hidden vaults will be placed in the hands of some anointed teacher, and then the cry of those who hunger for knowledge shall be appeased.

TURLOCK, Cal., July, 1886.

The Enigma of Spiritism.

[“F. T. L.” in the Christian Register.]

The universal consciousness is adequate for all human problems; and the consensus of many diverse minds will, in the ultimate, solve the riddle of modern Spiritism. Thus far, the scientific explanations do not cover all the ground; there is a residuum involving what the philosophers call a "new law" or force. How do they know that this new law may not hold in its grasp the germinal acorn, the pith of the whole phenomena?

People, who most firmly and devoutly testify to the operations of the Holy Spirit, accept "odyle force," "unconscious cerebration" and "hallucination" as a complete refutation of Spiritism. Were they to test their own spiritual experience under the same hypothesis, they would logically be forced into blank atheism. Happily, the action of the Holy Spirit cannot be so cheaply disproved, nor will the ghost of Spiritism down at our bidding; it will not be exorcised with Satanic epithets, or cajoled with abstruse phrases, nor cease "to peep and mutter" when called by some new and incomprehensible name. We do not believe Paul's conversion can be exploded by "odyle force," "back brain action," or "hallucination." Let us be consistent, and not adjudicate Paul's case in one tribunal, and remand Spiritism to some low council where Beelzebub is supposed to be the presiding elder.

As one reads the testimony, pro and con, he can easily discern that the Spiritists' claims are not more pretentious than the counter theories of the skeptics are ridiculous. It is curious to note how many worthy people believe in "ministering angels" born or created on some other planet, and rigidly draw the line of exclusion on all who were born on the earth. What fatuity to put such a tremendous emphasis on the birthplace of an angel! By what occult process do they determine the nativity of the ministering spirit? The happiest and most devoted Christians believe thoroughly in the Holy Spirit; they warn us that it will not always strive; that it is a sin to grieve it, and an irreparable loss to close the heart against it. But these same conscientious people have no sort of compunction that any amount of unbelief can either grieve or repulse their spirit friends. Do they fancy angels can return under those adverse conditions which, according to their own theory, would repulse in sorrow the Father of all spirits?

It is obvious that the inward state or condition, whereby we become receptive to the Holy Spirit, is identical with that required for all those whom the Father has made his ministering angels. When one is conscious in any special sense of the presence of the Holy Spirit, does he imagine that the Holy Ghost has descended *propria persona*? It would be quite as absurd to declare that the sun had descended bodily from the heavens because we are consciously warmed by its rays.

The great Father Spirit does not descend in very person to overwhelm us with his presence; but, with a love and patience eternity cannot exhaust, he is ever saying, "Arise, my child, and come unto me." We go to the Father, not by "dying," and making an upward, objective journey, but subjectively, through insight, or the spiritual perception of those faculties within us which are akin to his.

What is true of the Infinite One, we may predicate relatively of the finite, including seraphs, angels, spirits, and mortals, down to the veriest sinner on the lowest plane of terrestrial being. Science shows how unduly we emphasize what we term direct personal contact with each other. Two persons may live together under the same roof, and yet not know each other in any sense worthy of immortal life; whether in the body or out, mind meets mind only through mutual spiritual perception.

There are gradations of angels, and our next-door neighbors are the ones who are the nearest to us in perceptive ability. Grant, then, that Spiritism offers proof of personal continuance; and after considering the heterogeneous mass of evidence offered, unless the organ of wonder gets the better of our judgment, we shall at once raise the question of quality. Is the proffered immortality worth the having? For illustration, if the spirit of Daniel Webster talks platitudes through a medium, who would care to be a Webster? Spirits must know by actual experience that, in the control of media, the communication partakes largely of the channel through which it flows; and, as much of the inspired instruction will not stand the test of moderate criticism, we conclude there is a great army of spirits who remain silent, seeking finer and more occult

methods of accurately transmitting their thought. Spiritists having confessedly settled the question of immortality beyond a peradventure among themselves, let them now raise the equally important question of quality, and a horde of twaddlers and spirit wonder-workers will "fold their tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away."

In calling certain manifestations "low" and "undignified," let us not make a moral implication without cause. For instance, a spirit jingling a bell at a seance is no better and no worse than the same spirit in the flesh, ringing the door-bell.

Disparage Spiritism as we may, it has evidently come to stay. Its idiosyncrasies show it to be a heterodox child with orthodox progenitors. Had it not been for an abnormal theology, abnormal Spiritism would never have been born.

Immortality is a factor of consciousness; but a false theology has reduced that factor to its lowest terms, so we go groping about for "proofs," much like the old lady hunting for her spectacles that were only pushed up on top of her head.

Let us attend to our spiritual perceptions, not gazing exclusively at the zenith, but including in our sweep all within the horizon of our earthly surroundings. Whatever may be the final outcome of Spiritism, we may rest assured that, so far as it attempts with its phenomena to substitute eyesight for insight, it will prove abortive.

Women and Money.

[Helen Ekin Starrett, in the Future of Educated Women.]

A woman who has achieved great things for herself has said that she receives a thousand letters every year from girls and women, asking her what they shall do. She says she has but one reply for each and all, and that is, "Thou alone canst answer." While we should endeavor to prepare the way by all means in our power for the recognition of our daughters as rightful co-laborers with our sons, and justly entitled to equal opportunities to earn and control their wages, yet let us remember that, if our daughters would achieve great things, they must pay the price in struggle and anxiety. *Æschylus* says that glories are the children of hardship and God's favor. Our daughters must know that no one achieves great things without earnest, long-sustained effort; that discouragements must be bravely encountered, defeats and disappointments accepted, without allowing these to cause them to swerve from their course, if they would accomplish great things.

When young women are thus prepared by a liberal education for lives of usefulness and self-support, we shall expect the question of their marriage to be one which they shall be as free to decide as are our young men. If for any reason they choose to remain single, the title "old maid" will not have any stigma for them. It is inevitable that the removal of any external pressure of necessity to marry for the sake of a home and a support will have a tendency to elevate the standard of marriage, first among women and then among men. One of the greatest foes to happy marriages is the existence of the mercenary spirit on the part of parents and daughters. Nothing will so effectively remove it as the possession, by young girls and women of satisfactory, honorable, remunerative occupations, and the countenance and approbation of society in their pursuit of them. We have now before us so many beautiful examples of single women who live happy, useful, and independent lives in charming homes of their own, and who occupy the highest social position, that our educated daughters need not fear if for any reason they choose in this respect to imitate their example. Alice and Phoebe Cary, in their beautiful home, once the center of one of the most charming and cultivated social circles in the world, Harriet Martineau, Jean Ingelow, and others, occur to our minds as representatives of happy, honored maiden life. Time would fail me to tell of Mary Carpenter, Elizabeth Peabody, Florence Nightingale, Caroline Herschel, Emily Faithful, Octavia Hill, Maria Mitchell. These have all lived in faith, and were persuaded that there is a high and holy calling for women, even though they do not marry—are never wife and mother; and through faith and patience they have inherited the promise of old, that to those who love truth and righteousness and follow on to know the Lord, there shall be given a name and place better than of sons and daughters.

It is a very encouraging sign of the times that many parents who occupy high social position and have abundance of means to maintain their daughters in luxury and idleness, were they so disposed, are seriously considering the question of occupation for their daughters, and even taking practical steps toward securing it. I heard a wealthy banker say, a short time since, that it was his intention, as soon as his daughter graduated, to take her into the bank, and have her thoroughly and practically instructed in bank business. I heard an eminent judge declare, a very few weeks ago, that his two daughters were to come into his law office on the completion of their school education, and learn to do office work. They were to be his clerks and amanuenses. I was further delighted to learn that in both cases these fathers expected to recognize the value of their daughters' services by paying them in money.

A Letter From Dr. J. M. Peebles.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In your issue of May 20th, there was published an article from the pen of Wm. Emmette Coleman, under the heading of "The truths about Origen," in which my name in connection with Dr. T. B. Taylor's, the late Kersey Graves and my most exceptional book, "Jesus, Myth, Man or God," appears quite too conspicuous to suit my sensitive nature. From both choice and a long growing inclination, I have for a number of years been entirely out of the field of active work in Spiritualism; and yet, when almost unreasonably pressed by old friends I occasionally speak for a Spiritualist society, and also at a camp-meeting.

Because of these make-shift unions of Spiritualists and scoffing materialists, to "advance the cause;" because of the everlasting trappings to fill weekly and monthly engagements; because of persistent opposition to any movement looking to a substantial organization of Spiritualists; because of the envious, jealousies, and ill-tempered wranglings among mediums and lecturers, and because of misrepresentations of my books and ridicule of religious convictions that I conscientiously believed, I resolved several years ago to give the field, or that part of the field that I had occupied, to our great philosophical and "harmonial" leaders, to correct no misrepresentations, and quietly devote myself to the study of anatomy and physiology, to lecturing in eclectic medical colleges, to writing for medical journals, and to the practice of medicine, all of which I have either done or am doing, finding myself in these vocations socially and financially successful.

And yet with your kind permission I propose this once to so far deviate from the above resolutions as to pen a few words relative to Mr. Coleman's communication, written, I confess in a candid spirit. He says:

All examination of the so-called quotations in Graves' and Peebles' books, taken in connection with the real language and ideas of Mosheim as stated above shows at once how the former is stretched so as to cover much more than Mosheim actually states or intends to convey; in other words, the quotation is inaccurate and garbled.

"Garbled," said I, "well, what next?" I had been accused by irresponsible inferiors of many misdemeanors, the last being that I had lived with Mrs. Peebles these nearly forty years "unmarried;" (we were married in a church on Sunday, facing an audience of full six hundred people,) and now, here was the charge of "garbling." But hold, the following paragraph from Bro. Coleman explains:

My opinion is that Dr. Peebles did not derive this quotation and the others from the author to which I shall presently allude, direct from Mosheim's work, but that he copied them second-hand from some preceding writer, without verifying their correctness.

That is exactly what I did. I wrote, "Jesus, Myth, Man or God," (the publication of any future editions of which I have forbidden,) when filling a several months' lecture engagement in London, and while in the midst of a heated controversy with the truly noble William Howitt, upon a comparison of Paganism and Christianity, the authority of Godfrey Higgins, etc.; and being away from my library—a collection of about 1,500 volumes—I did the best I could under the circumstances. Mr. James Burns kindly gave me free access to his library in which I found the work of the eloquent Seldon J. Finney upon the "Bible," published by Bela Marsh in 1860, and from this work I quoted verbatim as may be seen by turning to page 27 of his volume.

As to Origen, I always cherished for this Church Father a profound respect. He was the great Universalist of his period, believing in the restoration of all men and of all demons. The following passage in Mr. Coleman's article is too sweeping if not a trifling unjust.

It is true that Eusebius, the earliest ecclesiastical historian, did advocate the suppression and distortion of truth to advance the interests of the church; and his writings attest that he scrupled not to practice this evil principle, but not in the wholesale and outrageous manner charged against him by some reckless, rabid, free-thinking critics. Had Dr. Taylor said that Eusebius, instead of Origen, advocated lying for Christ's sake, no exception would have been taken to the statement.

Though I could have endorsed the above paragraph when writing "Jesus, Myth, Man or God," because in harmony with my then anti-religious caste, I can not now. A more thorough study of Eusebius and his times has convinced me that he has been unjustly misrepresented, which misrepresentations are largely traceable to Gibbon in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." At times, influenced by the spirit of his period, he may have proceeded upon the principle recognized by Herodotus, the father of history. "I must relate things," says he, "as they are reported; but I am not obliged to believe all." (Herodotus, i, vii, p. 152.)

Dr. Alva Lamson, a rationalistic Unitarian, in his work of "The Church of the First Three Centuries," writes thus fair and impartially (see page 256) of Eusebius:

His work belongs to an age not imbued with the spirit of philosophical criticism, and it bears numerous marks of haste and inadvertency.

We believe that he meant to be faithful; though we can not say of him that he left nothing to be forgiven. His errors afford no ground for those sweeping conclusions which would annihilate, at a blow, his historical credit.

And now while writing of the early Christ-

ian fathers, and of the very dawn of Christianity, I am reminded of a class of Spiritualists, the most noted of which is Gerald Massey, who deny the very existence of Jesus Christ, the central figure of the gospels. But when Mr. Massey met Bro. W. E. Coleman upon this matter, he met his Waterloo! It was the common concession of all well informed Spiritualists, so far as I know, that Mr. Coleman got altogether the best of the argument, through the columns of the *Religio-Ph. Journal*, clearly demonstrating the existence of the Nazarene. It is a remarkable fact that not one of the early enemies of Christianity pretended to deny or even question the existence of Jesus. And it is a further fact that Robert Taylor of "Diegesis" fame, who renounced Christianity and denied the existence of Jesus, renounced his renunciation of Christianity in mature life, and went back to the Christian Church, dying in its bosom.

Mr. Massey, not profiting by his defeat at the hands of Mr. Coleman in America, has renewed the battle in London upon the platform, and through the columns of the *Medium and Daybreak*. It remains to be seen whether Mr. James Burns will permit Mr. Coleman to again show the fallacy of Mr. Massey's fancies and assumed facts, touching the existence of Jesus of Nazareth. With this matter in mind, I wrote the following letter to Prof. Wise, a very learned Jewish Rabbi, President of the Hebrew College in Cincinnati, Ohio, and editor of the *American Israelite*. May I hope that you will publish both my letter and the reply?

HAMMONTON, Atlantic Co., N. J.,
May 31, 1886.

RABBI I. M. WISE—Venerable Sir:—Although you do not in all probability remember me, yet I was introduced to you several years ago, and had the honor of a pleasant talk with you about the history of the Israelites and the origin of Christianity. I have derived great profit from reading your "Hebrews' Second Commonwealth," "Origin of Christianity," and "Martyrdom of Jesus." I am no sectarian bigot—no Calvinistic orthodox Christian, believing in the vicarious atonement; but I do believe in the existence of Jesus of Nazareth. In my two journeys around the world I saw and conversed with many Israelites and rabbis (and one learned German rabbi in Jerusalem), and without an exception they all believed in the existence of the Jesus of the gospels, who professed magic, or necromancy, etc., etc. And yet there are some, like Gerald Massey, an English poet and Spiritualist, who deny that Jesus of Nazareth lived. This class of persons pronounce him a "myth," and pretend to trace the myth into Egypt.

Mr. Massey says that Jesus as Jehoshua Ben-Pandira did exist, but he was born about 120 B. C., and was the pupil of Ben-Perachia, who taught as a rabbi 154 B. C.

Mr. Massey does not contend that Paul was a myth, that John the Baptist, whom Herod slew, was a myth (Josephus, Book xviii. chap. v); and he passes by the passage in Josephus, (Book xx, chap. ix.), where he speaks of James, the brother of Jesus, called Christ.

An now will you allow me to ask you three or four questions?

1. Is there, in your estimation, sufficient historical evidence for believing that the Jesus of the gospels is a myth, traceable to the Egyptian Equinoxes?

2. Do scholarly Israelites and learned rabbis, with the Talmud before them, ever deny the existence of Jesus of Nazareth?

3. In your "History of the Hebrews' Second Commonwealth" you mention (page 258, footnote 30) what "Hyrcan, a contemporary of the apostles," says. Will you have the kindness to translate Hyrcan's words into English?

4. Is there not, in your opinion, evidence enough in the Talmud—in Rabbinical notices—in Josephus, and writers of the first century of the Christian era, to clearly establish the fact of the existence of Jesus of Nazareth?

It seems to me that if Jesus did not exist, Paul did a great deal of very foolish missionary business; that men were wiser and sharper than now, to get up the gospels and epistles of the New Testament, the central figure of which was a myth, and that Celsus, Julian, and others seeking the destruction of Christianity, should, from the start, have squarely denied the existence of Jesus of the gospels, thus ending the matter at once. May I hope for an early reply?

Most sincerely yours,
J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

ANSWER.

The idea that the gospel story is a theological myth is not of Jewish origin, as is evident from David Fred Strauss' "Life of Jesus," (*Das Leben Jesu*) and Robert Taylor's "Diegesis." The Jews, as far as their literature is known to me, never questioned the real existence of either Jesus or Peter, Paul and James, or any other of the original co-laborers in the origin of Christianity. Christian critics advanced that hypothesis because they presumed the gospels were written by Jesus, which is not the case with the four before us, and then they found in it astronomical and astrological notions of pagan origin, which led them to believe that Jewish authors invented that demi-Jewish and demi-pagan story of a crucified and resurrected Messiah, and shaped it acceptably to the pagan mind, without having any historical fact to work upon. The fact, however, seems to be that pagan authors of the second century (or so-called devout Gentiles) had received traditionally, through the various churches, the story of the Jesus who had lived in Palestine, and partly by the traditions and partly almost unconsciously amalgamated the life and teachings of Jesus, and also Paul, with the pagan myths and theology, to which they had been heirs. This does not make the gospels myths; it merely asserts that there are mythical elements in them. Therefore, "scholarly Israelites and learned rabbis, with the Talmud before them," never denied the existence of Jesus of Nazareth.

Christian writers in England rejected the testimony of the Talmud, and Anti-Christian writers rejected the testimony of Josephus in regard to the existence of Jesus, and it can not be denied that they had some tenable ground for their assertions. The Jesus passages in Josephus are undoubtedly interpolations from the

fourth century; and the Talmud contains various passages concerning Jesus and his disciples which were evidently reproductions of statements made by Christians. But in both cases those critics go too far. If all the interpolations are taken from Josephus there still remains John the Baptist and James, the brother of Jesus, hence the existence of Jesus is undoubtedly there. The same is the case with the statements of the Talmud. Let most all of them be repetitions of what the Rabbis had heard of Christians, there still remain the statements of Rabbi Tarphon (or Tryphon) and Rabbi Eliezer ben Hyrcan, who were contemporary with the Apostles, especially the latter, whose intimate connections with the Apostle James are specially noticed in the Talmud, and whose certainly unintentional statement (Note 30, p. 258, in our "History of Hebrews' Second Commonwealth") that "Jesus brought the science of necromancy with him from Egypt, the mnemonic signs of which he had scratched upon his own skin." No Jew ever did invalidate this statements and we know of no means in criticism to overthrow it. Rabbi Eliezer ben Hyrcan made that statement in a certain controversy about Sabbath Laws, which has no connection with the person or teachings of Jesus. His colleagues and successors never contradicted the often repeated testimony, that Jesus brought necromancy from Egypt; hence his personal existence could never have been doubted by the men of the Talmud, as said, up to a contemporary of the Apostle James, the very generation of Jesus. Therefore your humble servant has maintained all along that the personal existence of Jesus of Nazareth can not be denied.

I. M. WISE.

You can rise to no higher dignity than that of gaining the love and loyalty of any mortal by helping him to understand himself or unravel some problem of his common life; and this loyal gratitude is gladly given to the teacher who identifies himself with the thought, and explains the problem as sharing in it, as having once felt it. But, to do this, you must first enter into something of the mind that was in Christ Jesus. You must first reverence and love the immortal nature in him whom it is your call and privilege to minister to. You must move among your fellow-men, not as one lording it over them, or condescending. "I am among you as one that serveth," said Jesus. You must feel a companionship for every form and face of human kind on that side where any light, fully given to you, is struggled for or darkly seen by them. To share God's rich bounty with such a one dignifies and perfects his gift to us. So sharing, we really receive more than we give. It is an employment like Jesus' own, gathering together with love's brooding wings the children of one Father's home.—T. L. Eliot.

WHEN Gutenberg, the first printer, was working in his cell in the monastery of St. Abersgot, he tells us that he heard two voices address him. The one bade him desist; told him the power his invention would put in the hands of bad men to propagate their wickedness; told him how men would profane the art he had created, and how posterity would have cause to curse the man who gave it to the world. So impressed was Gutenberg with what he heard that he took a hammer and broke to pieces the types he had so laboriously put together. His work of destruction was only stayed by another voice, sweet and musical, that fell on his ear, telling him to go on, and to rejoice in his work; that all good might be made the cause of evil, but that God would bless the right in the end. So to all of us still come those voices that came to Gutenberg; the one calling us to work while it is called to-day, to try to leave the world better than we found it; and the other tempting us to give over and take our ease, to leave the plow in mid-furrow, and to rest on our oars when we should be pulling against the stream.—Selected.

PEOPLE should make it a special point to enjoy life if possible; but, sad to say, there are persons who are always chafing, always looking upon and pursuing others with the malignity of fiends. But it is with all such a losing game in the long run. These people seem to be in torment all the time, if one might judge by the expression of their countenances. We pity such, and recommend reformation. The true maxim to follow is: "Be better yourself, and you will think better of other."—Banner of Light.

LUCRETIA MOTT recognized her husband as the treasurer of the family firm, but she did not hesitate to draw "orders." Miss Anthony tells how Lucretia once said to her: "Sister, I am going to give you \$50 to carry on the work." Then, turning to James Mott, she said: "Out of that corner of thy pocket-book where thee put my pay for keeping thy house, mending thy clothes, etc., please hand Susan the money." James was too just a man to withhold his hand.

WHAT has he done? That was Napoleon's test. What have you done? Turn up the faces of your picture-cards! You need not make mouths at the public, because it has not accepted you at your own fancy valuation.—O. W. Holmes.

THE piles of old London bridge, put down in the year 900, are still sound, the water and the blue mud of the Thames having preserved them.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

About the Double, or Wraith.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the bright poet and able scientist, in his little book, "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," says, "We all have a double who is wiser and better than we are, and who puts thoughts into our heads and words into our mouths." Well it may be so, but when the fact that the spirit world is the active and intelligent environment of this, and in its dynamics is the "Divinity that shapes our ends," becomes generally admitted, we think the credit of this double, "wiser and better than ourselves," will be rather given to spirit guidance, angel guardianship, the invisible control attached more or less to everyone; but a rose by any other name may smell as sweet, so we will not criticise the scientific poet, and after all it may be one part of a general truth, and it is possible, besides the intelligent influences to which I have referred, that we all do have a double.

The double has not been a myth in my experience, and though I do not take kindly to the idea of my invisible, and wiser, and better half, skylarking (if I may use such an expression) without my leave or knowledge; still if founded in fact we must stand it, for the truth is powerful and will prevail, and truth is what we all want. How this double, if there be one, exists and manifests I do not know, yet it will explain some things in the manifestations that have a crooked look. I was present many years ago at a seance when the light was sprung on Bastian who was a remarkably physical medium and some thought he cheated. I saw the whole affair perfectly and know he did not. I had helped tie him in his chair, and know that he was never out of it and he was where he could not touch the musical instruments, that the invisibles were to play upon, or with.

When the light was unexpectedly sprung upon the proceedings an extended Bastian was visible for an instant and quick as a flash it was gone, absorbed by the Bastian that was tied in the chair. I do not know as I am understood; I mean that for a second there were two Bastians, the one I had helped tie in the chair and one extending almost horizontally from him but connected with him, and in an instant it was gone back into the real Bastian and they were one again. I am sure I saw the movement and I remember also that Dr. W. B. Storer was at the seance and what he saw coincided with what I saw and yet we were both satisfied that Bastian had not moved; the tying was perfect and with seals so that what I state is unmistakable. The manifestations thus seemed perfectly honest on the part of this medium but if he had a double "wiser and better than himself" who did the phenomenal part, in what sense was it a spiritual manifestation? Seems to me there was a deception and that there were no spirits about it, unless the "double" was the spirit, the real Bastian. I did not like my deductions from this experience. I had had proof, actual demonstration of the existence of the spirits of the departed and I did not like to get my investigations mixed up with the spirits of those still in the form.

There have been many frauds in the phase of materialization, so many that I never blame any one who accepts them *cum grano salis*; but there are frauds and frauds, some where the medium I know has been perfectly honest. Now does not this "double" of which I have spoken in connection with Bastian somewhat explain the other, and may not the conditions sometimes be such that the medium's double plays a part in the manifestation, the grabbing of which would prove to be the medium, for the two must necessarily coalesce. I do not intend by this to throw any doubt on the fact of materialization, for I have had and have so stated many times absolute proof of the fact. I have also, as I have said, had proof of fraud where the medium has been innocent. We are in the morning hour of all this business; we know but very little of the dynamical part of the phenomena; we are learning pretty fast and one of these days we will have the whole subject within our comprehension, but we are not there yet.

My eye the other day fell on the name of C. Payson Langley the professor of music. It called to mind an incident of his appearance in the presence of a distant person, who soon after received some music in such a manner that it indicated a mind transference; but the presence of the double was so unmistakable that when he related it to me, it impressed me strongly of the observation which I have quoted from the poet. Instead of relating it, as I would have to do it imperfectly from memory, I will relate an instance in my own experience. I do not know but experience is the wrong word to use, as it was outside of my consciousness.

I was wholly unacquainted with Mrs. Palmer who was then residing in Portland, Maine. She is a very superior lady of social position. Many years before she had been a popular trance speaker, and married Dr. Palmer, and that seemed to have finished her career, and she was forgotten. One day when the Spiritualists held their meetings in Music Hall, L. B. Wilson, one of the *Banner of Light* people who was acting as chairman of these meetings, asked me for my photograph, to send to Mrs. Palmer of Portland. The circumstances were these: One day as she was in her parlor there unexpectedly entered her room two persons, one was Theodore Parker, she knew him and also knew it was a spirit. She did not know the person that was with him only that he

had not left the form. The spirit introduced him as his friend, John Wetherbee. Mrs. Palmer had never seen John Wetherbee, though his name was familiar from seeing it often as one of the *Banner* contributors. Dr. Palmer, being in Boston soon after, called on Mr. Wilson for a photograph of which I have spoken, which Mr. Wilson gave him, and he mixed it with a dozen others that he had and gave his wife the lot for her to pick out the one that called upon her with Theodore Parker in spirit. She instantly recognized mine, and said that is the one, which was correct.

There is no mistake about this fact, and no motive for any sensation. Any one who knew Mrs. Palmer would not question the circumstance; they might, like myself, wonder why all this trouble. It led, however, to her speaking, for a few Sundays, at the Music Hall meetings, and engagements there afterward; it seemed she had begun to feel inclined to speak publicly again, though she didn't think she would after so many years' retirement and silence. But Mr. Wilson and she both think this circumstance was for the purpose of bringing it about. Well, such may have been the case, but it always has seemed as if the method was not so simple as might have been, but the strangest part of all of it is, where was my consciousness all the time? I certainly was never aware of such a visit. Could my double, "better and wiser than I am," be on a visit on its own account, without my knowledge? If so, it would prove two entities, and that is not what is meant by a double. There was nothing strange for my connection with Theodore Parker, for he knew me well, but I object exceedingly for any one to trot my enduring part around among people and I know nothing about it.

J. WETHERBEE, OR "SHADOW."

The Broad Church.

[A passage from a sermon by James Freeman Clarke.]

"The Broad Church," said James Freeman Clarke to his congregation last Sunday morning, "will include all good men and women of every religion. It will be broad enough to include Socrates and Plato, Confucius and Buddha, Garibaldi and Abraham Lincoln, though some of them never heard of Jesus, and others never claimed to be his disciples. Its test of membership will at last be the words of the Master himself: 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.' The Broad Church will include in its fellowship not only the good people, but also those who would like to be good. It will have a broad Bible. It will find much more in the Bible than has ever been found before, and will make it much more the Book of books than it has ever before been made; for it will see in it the current of spiritual life flowing through the ages, gradually unfolding from a seed into a stalk, and a bud into a blossom; a history of man in every stage of his moral progress; a picture of humanity, and a balm of the soul. The Broad Church will take broad views of prayer, and its worship will be vastly more free and vital. Such will be the Broad Church, emancipated from ritualism, dogmatism, and sectarianism; having more of the mind and heart of Christ; leaving behind its old egotisms and vanities, its small ambitions and petty controversies. Instead of sectarianism, we shall have co-operation; instead of dogmatism, insight; instead of formal worship, the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

An Orthodox Opinion.

[Rev. David Watson, a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, in a discourse to the Young Men's Christian Association of Paisley, said:]

"The great, the wise, the mighty are not with us. . . . The best thought, the widest knowledge, and the deepest philosophy have discarded our church. They detest what they call inhumanities of our creed. . . . They step out into speculative Atheism, for they can breathe freer there. . . . They are instinctively religious, despite their renunciation of our theological creed. They are big with faith in the ultimate salvation of man—a faith that aspires them to toil, and shames our whining cant. And yet these men—the Comtes, the Carlyles, the Goethes, the Emersons, the Humboldts, the Tyndalls and Huxleys if you will,—are called Atheists by us, are pilloried in our Presbyterian orthodoxy as heretics before God and man. Why are such as these outside the pale of the Christian church? Not that they are unfit, we own that, but we are unworthy of them, and by the mob force of our ignorant numbers have driven them out. They shun us because of our ignorant misconceptions and persistent misrepresentations of heaven and man and God."

MANY years ago, when grocers in Lynn were licensed to sell liquor, one of them, who had the reputation of giving rather small weight and measure, was bragging to a customer of his skill in doing up packages. "I can wrap a pound of sugar," he remarked, "in a smaller piece of paper than any other man in town." "I don't doubt it," said the customer, "and you can put a pint of rum in a smaller bottle than any one else, too!"—Lynn Item.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1886.

—The GOLDEN GATE and *Spiritual Offering* are furnished together for \$3, and the GOLDEN GATE and *Carrier Dove* for \$4, in advance.

BROKEN CRYSTALS.

Individualization and disintegration seem to be the order of the day. Old things are passing away. Long venerated religious ideas and institutions are losing their hold upon the hearts and consciences of men,—that is, in an external sense. The spirit of all things good therein will remain. In fact, the destruction and disintegration are only with the husk and shell—the "soul of things," remains, brighter and more beautiful than ever before.

Spiritualism is this disintegrating element. And the purpose therein is clear to the enlightened perception, that man's higher selfhood is to be brought to the front and made to assert itself. He is to be made to walk alone in his divine sovereignty, and no longer to lean upon the past, and walk in the leading-strings of creeds and doctrines, for which the world, ere long, will have but little use.

Aside from the mere organization for business purposes, Spiritualism itself has no cohesive power. The very moment its adherents seek to bind the consciences of others, or to crystallize into sect, that moment the crystal is broken, and the fragments are scattered to the winds.

The intelligent powers invisible, from the first of their modern manifestations, have declared against all fetters that chafe and bind the enlightened will, or retard the soul in its search after God. They recognize the chains of creed and custom only for those who can not safely be trusted with freedom. And as in the higher unfoldments of the spirit all can be so trusted, they will have, in their own teachings and practices, no hindrance to the spirit's onward march towards the highest and truest individuality—the better and eternal life of the soul.

Still clinging to the old, and not yet sufficiently unfolded to comprehend the new, Spiritual and Progressive Societies, one after another, have come into existence, more or less patterned after the sectarian institutions that have so long held sway in the world, and one after another have gone to pieces on the rocks and breakers of the new philosophy. It does no use to scold, or disclaim against the many supposed causes for this condition of things. The real cause lies deeper than appears upon the surface. And the causes most apparent are simply the means used by the spirit world to prevent the very crystallization and concentration of belief among Spiritualists that they have been sent to the world to overthrow in others.

Hence, it is no real cause for regret or discouragement that Spiritualists are no better organized than they are, or even that they are sometimes found involved in internal commotions. The great "truth will ever come uppermost," no one need fear. These very inharmonies may be the only thing necessary to prevent that organization and crystallization which the spirit world seems determined to circumvent and prevent.

WONDERFULLY MADE.

There is no country so lenient to adulterators of food as the United States. It has been ascertained that among other substances used in making artificial butter, the following are most common: Sugar of lead, bisulphate of lime, borax, salicylic acid, benzoic acid, orris root, cotton seed oil, bicarbonate of soda, glycerine, caprylic, cow's udder, sulphuric acid, pepsin, talow, lard, salt, cornstarch, butyric ether, caustic potash, castor oil, chalk, slippery elm bark, oil of sesame, oil of sunflower seeds, olive oil, turnip seed oil, bromo cholealum, chlorate of potash, oil of sweet almonds, oil of peanuts, peroxide of manganese, stomach of pigs, sheep or calf, nitrate of soda, mustard seed oil, nitric acid, dry blood albumen, sugar of butyric acid, bicarbonate of potash, dead animals, etc., etc., etc.

The above is what one is likely to take into his system who eats bogus butter, but he may not take in all the ingredients at one dose. By patronizing the different butter factories he would get all of them, and more, too.

It does not require such revelations as this to doom fraud in any of the old countries; the detection of any one of the above named articles found in food to which they are foreign, would be enough. Butter mongers have a hard time of it in France. If a person is detected in dealing in the spurious article, he is sent to prison, his shop is closed, and upon the door is nailed the sentence of the court, as a warning; and, worse than all, his trading patent is withdrawn forever. The United States has always leaned to the side of leniency in punishing all classes of offenders; and butter factories are still quite safe in putting poor soap grease upon the market, under another name.

MISLEADING SPIRITS.

Whoever surrenders his individual judgment and places his trust implicitly upon the communications of spirits, as given through promiscuous mediumship, is almost certain to be deceived. It matters not how confiding his trust, or implicit his faith, nor how sincere or honest he may be in his intentions, he will find the average spiritual message a veritable broken reed, if he attempts to lean upon it to the exclusion of the staff of his own reason.

At private seances of most public mediums the investigator will be covered with imaginary wreaths and flowers, and told of great things that are about to happen to him—of grand business successes which he never realizes—of journeys of profit and pleasure that he never takes. "The spirits have deceived me always," says one, "and I am beginning to cease to rely upon them altogether." "That is," we replied, "you are beginning to learn wisdom by experience." Another, who had but recently come to accept the belief of spiritual communion, and had even found himself possessed of considerable mediumistic power, but who had been frequently deceived by false messages, assures us that he has discovered an infallible rule whereby he can discern between good and evil spirits. It is no less than that given in 1 John iv., 1-3: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh, is of God: And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God." He says he now applies this test to all that come to him, and, he assures us, with the most satisfactory results. When he finds one equivocating, or hesitating to answer the tests satisfactorily, he commands it at once to depart.

Of what virtue there may be in this test we are unable to say, never having had any experience with so-called "evil spirits," or spirits to whom we deemed it necessary to apply any other test than that of our own reason and common sense. And this, we apprehend, is the true test. No one should trust in, or follow the advice of, a spirit out of the body or in, without first weighing that advice carefully by the standard of his own judgment.

The next step in the direction of honest communications is to develop one's own spirit, and come into a truer appreciation of the divine uses of spirit ministration. It is not to lead man into unbidden ways of life, that the way of communication with the spirit world has been opened, nor to rob him of his individuality or self-reliance, and make him a mere weather vane to shift with every change of the idle wind; but rather to assure him of another life, and of the necessity of making the best use of all his powers in this life as most essential to his happiness in the next.

The practice of continually consulting the spirits in business matters, or from idle curiosity, is most pernicious. It leads to a disregard of, or at least indifference to, the great lessons of life and duty that communion with the spirit world is intended to teach.

There are mediums and mediums. With some, mediumship is a divine gift, beautiful and sacred. Around them are bands of bright spirits ever seeking to impart lessons of love, charity and humanity, for the uplifting of mortals. Approach such mediums with pure thoughts and intentions, and for spiritual help and comfort, and you will have no occasion to apply tests to determine the genuineness of the spirits that will come to you. But if you are on a worldly plane of thought, seeking rather for the things of earth, and the gratification of earthly desires, than for the things of the spirit, then you will need to exercise great caution lest you be led astray by deceiving spirits. "Prove all things and hold fast that which is good."

THE reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets instead of cages.—EXCHANGE.

We should say it is the business of men to provide the cage for the bird they would capture; that they generally do not is a cause of unhappiness, and that many of them can not is still worse. Most couples proceed to matrimony in these days as though their matches were all made in heaven, and that the same Providence would supply all things needful to their material well being. In the meantime they manage to live, but soon find that Providence can do nothing without help.

Down deep in the human soul all is goodness. It is only on the surface of our lives that evil is apparent.—EX.

Such faith is the redemption of the race. It is doubtless this spark of good in the worst of us that is the embryo of the better man as a spiritual being. It is much to be regretted that there are not in this life more to stimulate the good in all natures and suppress the evil; but we have not progressed up to that degree in dealing with evil that we can conquer it with good. We antagonize it by harsh and debasing methods of control under the name of Law. When the world comes to know that every crime is but the offspring of crime, and that all retaliatory dealing with wrong is a wrong itself, a different course will be taken with wrong-doers. Instead of holding a man up to the world as a vile wretch for some

atrocious deed, he will be isolated, but cared for as tenderly and humanely as if he were a small-pox or a cholera patient, both that his and other lives may be spared.

FRICTION.

The diamond is polished only by the attrition of its own particles. In the operation of nature's forces we see that the storm and the tempest, and the fierce lightnings, seem necessary, at times, to purify the atmosphere. And so in the world of moral forces, it is only by stages of fierce commotion, and oftentimes by carnage and death, that humanity has come forth, step by step, out of the darkness of ignorance and superstition, and into the broader and clearer light of a higher and better civilization.

It is not for puny mortals to question nature's methods of growth and unfoldment, or cavil at the justice or wisdom thereof. Man can only know that such are the mysterious ways of the Creative Force, and it is for him to adjust himself to the natural order of things and keep step to the march of the universe, whether he likes it or not. What he can not comprehend he must accept, and he should do so with confiding trust in the wisdom that dominates all things, knowing, as he must, that from seeming confusion and inharmoniousness is ever evolving a more perfect harmony—that from the chaos of commotion and unrest is ever coming forth higher and more beautiful forms.

And so in our social life, and in the efforts we put forth to attain certain ends of reform and spread the knowledge of certain principles which we deem essential to man's truest welfare and happiness. We are ever met and confounded by opposing obstacles, by jarring discords, by the friction of jealousy, envy and all the retarding forces of man's lower nature. If these things were not for a wise purpose they doubtless would not be permitted. We may not be able to see the wisdom thereof, but that should not trouble us. Like true soldiers we should obey the command of duty, and never question why or wherefore.

And herein consists one of life's grandest lessons: To do our best for truth's sake and the right, no matter though all the world of humanity besides prove negligent and unworthy. It is no doubt hard to keep one's temper sweet, and his nature broad, gentle and charitable, amid the angularities and unkindnesses that meet one at almost every step along life's journey. But it can be done if one lives in the interior rather than upon the surface of his being—if he nestles close enough to the great heart of Infinite Love.

Spiritualists would do well to try and be more gentle and complacent, more loving and charitable, in their dealings with each other. There is much need in the lives of many for the cultivation of these virtues.

"GRAND ARMY OF EARTH AND HEAVEN."—This was the suggestive theme for Mr. Colville's lecture at the Temple on Sunday evening last. The attendance, as usual, was very large and attentive, the gallery even being well filled. We never heard Mr. Colville when he was in better inspiration. His discourse was grandly eloquent, abounding in the loftiest and purest sentiments. He spoke of the heroes and heroines in common life,—and the men and women who dared to be brave and keep their faith amid poverty and temptation. It costs something to be true to principle when no eye is upon you but that of your own soul. The humble sewing girl who remains true to her highest idea of truth and honor, when want and privation stare her in the face, is as truly brave as he who goes forth to battle with the eyes of the world resting upon him. To all such the speaker assigned a place in the ranks of the Grand Army of Heaven. From his opening sentence to his last, he never hesitated an instant for the right word, and at times rose to sublime heights of expression. This remarkable discourse will appear in our next issue.

IGNORANCE.—Is the source of all trouble not ignorance? Men and women go about the world crammed and bristling with odd ends of learning relating to nearly every knowable thing under the sun but themselves. Pythagoras says that above all things we should have a care to keep the body free from disease and the soul from ignorance. Another noted person calls ignorance a dangerous but spiritual poison, which all men ought to shun. It must, indeed, affect the condition and growth of the spirit, than which it is more tangible, but it first affects the home of the spirit,—the body,—which should be our chief concern in this state of life, if we would make the most of the probation here that is to be so much to us hereafter. When the world gets rid of the idea of the "dispensation of Providence," it will be ashamed of plagues and epidemics, and premature death, for they are all the result of ignorance and consequent neglect on the part of man. In the present stage of our development we take poison into our stomachs and inhale it in our breath, but die in "God's own good time."

"OPINION is the main thing which does good or harm in the world; it is our false opinions of things which ruin us."—AURELIE.

And the lack of opinion, and the incapability of arriving at one's mind, is often quite as mischievous. Correct opinion is a more important thing. There are so many things nowadays that deserve condemnation, and yet get sanctioned, or at least tolerated, that one almost comes to the belief that it were better for a few sound heads to think for all than the endless conflict of public opinion over most flagrant wrongs.

FAITHFUL WORKERS.

Among the many faithful laborers in the vineyard of mind cure, it is with pleasure we particularize the work of those two grand souls, Charles and Susan Bowles. They make very little noise about what they are doing, but go right ahead in a silent but effectual way. When they first opened their class in San Francisco, about a year ago, it consisted of but a handful of earnest students, while to-day hundreds in this great city rise up and call them blessed. Not only is it evident that the ills of the physical man are overcome by their systems, but also the moral forces of his nature are electrified with new life.

Mr. Bowles confines himself to the scientific phase of the question, while Mrs. Bowles gives its spiritual signification, which means being purified, soul and body, from all dross. She is peculiarly well adapted to her work. Her own highly developed spirit, her great throbbing heart full of love for all humanity, and the sacred dedication of her highest self to the uplifting, the ennobling of mankind, makes her indeed a power of great good.

Mrs. Bowles shows the superior plane to which she has reached in her own development, by rising entirely above the little things in life, which hold many so close to earth. She is free from envy and all jealousy, which are the bane of many a soul seeking the higher life. It is often the little things in life which is the true explanation of character; so the simple acts of kindness and hearty co-operation of Mr. and Mrs. Bowles toward their worthy co-worker, Mr. Colville, has proven that the true Christ spirit dwells within. They have not only been almost constant attendants themselves at his class, but they have urged all their pupils to do likewise—drink from the fountain of knowledge.

We speak for the gifted little lady a still broader field of usefulness, in the arena of eloquent inspiration, on the public platform; her beautiful English, and fluency of language, fit her to most eminently fill so honored a calling.

BAD LAWS.

The laws of entail that prevail in the British Isles are not only unjust to families, but to the country generally, by keeping its lands concentrated in the hands of a few. When it comes to great cities, the custom is one of positive detriment and, not to say danger, to surrounding property owners.

In London the juxtaposition of West End with Covent Garden Market and its adjoining sink-holes and filth, is a good illustration. The former is principally owned by the Dukes of Bedford and Westminster who control miles on miles of its thoroughfares, upon which they forbid public traffic, unless especially otherwise disposed. Covent Garden Market property is stagnating under the curse of entail; it can only be leased, and some of these have been of such duration—ninety and a hundred years—that the property has fallen into a state of ruin and decay which not only disgraces the city of London, but is a constant peril to the health and lives of those living in and around the vicinity. It is claimed that not only in Ireland, but also in Scotland and England, there are not a few heads of families who would gladly rid themselves of their large landed possessions by dividing equally with their children, were they not legally forbidden. When a few men can command a million pounds from rents alone, each, annually, there is no need to question the cause of business depression and a general decline in industrial pursuits.

Were the law of entail abolished, landlordism would soon become a fact of history only; then might the people of Great Britain take a new lease of life, with a hope of better things.

MRS. WATSON AT THE TEMPLE.—The new order of things to be inaugurated upon the return of Mrs. Watson to her welcome place in the Temple, on the first Sunday of September, will be hailed with delight by all who desire the spread of spiritual truths among the people. Of the programme of arrangements we are informed by Manager Dodge that it is to be varied and most interesting. As we mentioned last week, the doors are to be opened to the public free—a decidedly new departure in the management of our Spiritual meetings. At the same time the sale of reserved seats will be continued as the only public means of raising funds to meet the expenses of the meetings. And there are to be two classes of reserved seats—at fifty cents and one dollar per month respectively. Every one who can do so should surely secure a seat, for his own greater comfort and convenience, as well as to aid in raising the necessary revenues. Another innovation is to be frequent assistance by able speakers at the morning services, and thereby relieve our "little preacher" of the strain of overwork. Thus she will be stronger and better for the evening lecture. On the first Sunday, September 4th, the eloquent Rev. N. F. Ravlin, lately from the Baptist Church, will speak. Those who have never heard him should not fail to be present; those who have will not need this advice. And so the prospect opens up brightly for a spiritual pentecost in the coming Sundays of Autumn and Winter.

VALUE OF A WIFE.—Gosset says: "The excellent woman is she who, if the husband dies, can be a father to his children." Almost any woman can be both father and mother to her children; but when the mother dies, the children are practically orphans. With all his strength, the average bereaved husband is the weakest thing in the shape of a responsible being that can be found. When a wife lies down to her last rest the domestic machinery is apt to cease to run, and moves no more until set in motion by the hands of another woman. On the other side, though a wife may have always been kept in comparative ignorance of the state of her husband's pick up the tangled ends of his suspended business affairs, she can at once put herself in his place, nuss, smooth out the snarls, untie the knots, manage her interests and secure herself and children

in their possessions and keep the home intact. We suspect if men knew the real source of their power they would make closer confidants of their mothers, sisters and wives.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

We clip the following from the "Social World" department of last Tuesday's *Chronicle*:

A very delightful afternoon was spent last Saturday in the rooms of Dr. and Mrs. George B. Crane, of St. Helena, at the Grand Hotel in this city. The occasion was the eightieth birthday of Dr. Crane, and his many friends here took advantage of the opportunity to offer their congratulations and hearty wishes for the Doctor's future health and prosperity. He was the recipient of many beautiful gifts, among them a reclining chair from his grandchildren. An interesting feature of the reception was the presence of four generations, the great grandchild being the little son of Henry McPike, a lawyer of this city.

The name of Dr. G. B. Crane is familiar to all readers of the GOLDEN GATE. He is a clear, forcible and interesting writer, and is still in the full vigor of his mental powers. His long and careful investigation of psychical subjects makes him an authority in all matters relating to the phenomena upon which Spiritualists base their knowledge of a future life. Mrs. Crane, formerly wife of the eminent ornithologist and artist, Prof. Grayson, (who is many years the Doctor's junior,) lent the charm of her fine conversational powers to the above occasion, and well maintained her reputation as a most delightful hostess. Dr. and Mrs. Crane enjoy a state-wide popularity. Their friends are legion, who wish them a world of happiness here and in the glorious Beyond.

A GRAND SPECTACLE.

Last Tuesday was a great day for San Francisco—the greatest in all her eventful history. Assembled from all the land hither had come the Grand Army veterans—the men who offered themselves as willing sacrifices on their country's altar in the dark days of the Great Rebellion,—come to meet around their annual camp-fire. And hither also had gathered, to do them welcome, untold thousands of California's best men and fairest women,—a vast multitude, yea, solid miles of humanity massed along the streets, and looking down from ten thousand windows and balconies stretching away towards the sky. How the welkin rang with their cheers as post and column, and all the glittering panoply of war, passed by, and especially as their eyes caught sight of the torn and tattered banners, riddled with the swift missiles of death. O, it was a glorious sight—a sight to touch the heart of every lover of his country with a live coal from the altar of patriotism.

We guessed how it would be. California never does anything by halves. She never attempts what she can not carry out,—whether it is raising money for the Sanitary Commission, or entertaining Sir Knight or soldier. And such we think will be the judgment of the Veterans who have come from their distant homes to engage in the thrill and marvelous pageant of Tuesday last.

A DARK PICTURE.—Drouth seems to be the rule rather than the exception in Australia, and those English colonies are this year suffering unprecedented hardships. Reports from that country say that the truth regarding the state of the land is so stern that it could not well be exaggerated. Vast stretches of country, both pastoral and farming lands, are described as bare as the wheel tracks that wind through them. Three preceding hard Winters, each harder than the other, causes stock men to anticipate the coming one in utter despair, and that in New South Wales sheep are selling at twelve cents per head. The animals are so poor as to be worthless and are dying in vast numbers. The state of the wool market was never so wretched, and is but a lesser evil. The deplorable condition of things is variously accounted for, aside from the drouth, by many persons, but all are powerless to remedy matters. No class is exempt from suffering;—the careful, painstaking, and skillful, are one in distress. England prospers but poorly in her broad possessions.

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.—The annual election for Directors of the California Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association was held at Washington Hall on Saturday, July 31st. There are 204 eligible voters, of which number there were 206 present, and represented by proxy. The following persons were duly elected: H. C. Wilson, G. H. Hawes, S. B. Clark, C. E. Eliot, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, T. C. Kelley, C. H. Gilman, J. J. Whitney, Mrs. N. C. Mayo, F. A. Davis, Mrs. S. B. Whitehead. The Financial Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were received and referred to the proper committee. The same showed good results for the management, as to wit: Cash on hand, \$207.90; property on hand, all paid for, \$1247.00; total, \$1455. A pretty good showing for the second Camp Meeting held by the State Spiritualist Association.

CELESTIAL SONNETS.—The above is the title of a new book of songs, containing a collection of original songs and hymns, by B. M. Lawrence, M. D. It includes one hundred and twenty-eight pages, and nearly the same number of songs, seventy-five of which with the music are entirely new. These sonnets are designed for public gatherings, home circles, religious, spiritual and temperance socials, camp-meetings, etc. Each number inculcates the highest moral lesson, as well as cheering the soul with the divine truth, that our "loved ones gone before" are "hovering round" to console and comfort us while journeying here below. Price 50 cents. Orders for same will be received at this office.

—Is there anything quite safe in these latter days? We should say, "hardly" anything. In this partial exception one would class soda water, but the experience of one Charles Rosch, of Sprague, W. T., with a bottle of this harmless beverage is quite to the contrary. In removing it from an ice chest the bottle exploded and its patent stopper tore out one of his eyes. No one ever heard of whiskey exploding, but it causes men to explode and do more violence and harm than putting out an eye. If it could be made as dangerous to handle as it is to drink it would be better for both seller and buyer.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—A dispatch from Santa Barbara on Tuesday announced the hourly expected demise of Col. W. W. Hollister.

—Mrs. Ladd, the well-known medium of Oakland, left recently on a short visit to Portland, Oregon. Upon her return she intends to locate in San Francisco.

—W. W. Crosby, of Chicago, in remitting a year's subscription to the GOLDEN GATE says: "The GOLDEN GATE is by far the best paper, in that line, that I have ever seen."

—We learn with regret that the San Francisco *Mind Cure* is obliged to discontinue publication. So fine a writer as Mrs. Hughes in so worthy a cause as mind in the cure of disease, it seems to us, should have received warmer support from the disciples of this new philosophy.

—A San Diego county subscriber writes: "How much we enjoy your grand paper, opening wide the portals to a higher and better faith, a more exalted religion. It is far different from clinging to the ancient myths of a dead past; and while there are thousands basking in the new light so many are still in the gloom and shadow of the old way."

—A correspondent of the *Boston Investigator* having made the inquiry whether Mr. Colville, the spiritual lecturer and medium, is a Catholic, there being such a report, Mr. C. has sent that paper the following reply:—

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR:—In response to an inquiry in your paper, allow me to say that though I often attend services in Catholic churches, the progressive Jewish synagogues are the houses of worship I attended most frequently. I am, however, so constituted mentally as to be able to find some good and reap some enjoyment everywhere.

Respectfully, W. J. COLVILLE.

—Mr. S. Johnson, of Tulare, added seven names to his list of subscribers for the GOLDEN GATE, the other day, making a total of thirty-three for that small town, all obtained recently by himself, and, with two or three exceptions, all for the full term of one year. Not only does Mr. Johnson refuse to deduct any commissions, as a reasonable recompense for his labors, but he insists upon sending his money orders for subscriptions at his own expense. His reward must be, at present, in the satisfaction of the good he is accomplishing in behalf of a glorious work.

—"Whenever you are sincerely pleased you are nourished." So says Emerson, and who does not perceive the vital truth. It is well worth our while to strive for contentment, but to most of us it is a struggle indeed. No one can attain to the condition of the gods in this life—to want nothing. We all want and need a great deal both for body and mind. What we are able to procure by our own effort is often too meagre to admit of our being quite pleased. But we can all recall moments of sincere satisfaction when we know we were "nourished," soul and body. Mental pleasure is health and long life.

—What a dark life is that in which there is no perception of spiritual things! We know what Earth would soon become were the solar rays withdrawn. The ripening fields, the evergreen hills and the verdant and flowery vales would soon assume the ashen hue and coldness of death but for the all-pervading life of light. But there are lives as dark and chill as this as to a knowledge of spiritual existence. They talk of a God, but when you speak of the soul they say "Fool! Crazy!" And as for the loved ones coming back they are afraid of them as though death had turned them into monsters.

—According to the papers of Dakota it must be a glorious and long-lived climate, and for itself probably requires no regular cemetery, since the people who are indigenous to the soil are generally disposed of by "blizzards" in a manner that obviates the necessity of interment. Those enterprising hotels that advertise an "elegant cemetery run in connection with the house," have probably only been considering the necessities of visitors and temporary sojourners. But even these had better take warning, and cultivate a close acquaintance with the hotels if they would enjoy all their privileges.

—The venerable projector of the Panama Canal scheme will probably require many years more of life to see its completion under his management. The attack made upon it in Paris on the 26th, in a pamphlet of seventy pages, describes the mortality of the workmen employed upon the canal, the state of things on the Isthmus, the heedless squandering of French public money, and concluding by stating that of the twenty-one sections of the canal only five are under construction. The truth has most likely been told, but it will lose much by not owning its authorship.

—Not a great many years ago, Colorado was a richly wooded land that supported abundance of wild life in all its perfection. Its now denuded surface offers no protection to its old forest inhabitants, neither is the land protected by sheltering branch or enriched by falling leaves. Forestry is doing its best to restore the old condition of things, and offers two dollars per one hundred for every line of trees planted and maintained along ditches, fences and highways. How much would that country give for the scores of beautiful trees that have been cut down in San Jose lately.

—The *Woman's World*—Helen Wilman's live paper—contains the following kind notice of the GOLDEN GATE: "The GOLDEN GATE, published weekly at San Francisco, California, at \$2.50 per year, is the most beautiful of all the spiritualistic papers; the most beautiful and the most sensible. It has been my intention to speak of this paper for a long time, but I have felt that to speak of it properly would occupy more space than I could spare. I now feel that my silence has been inexcusable."

Mr. Owen, the editor of the GOLDEN GATE, has stood in the front ranks of California Journalism for more than twenty years. While in politics he

made a paper that commanded the respect of both parties. He was too big a man to remain all his life on a political paper. For years it was the dream of his life to make a paper representative of the highest thought. He is doing it. Once more three times three for the glorious young State by the sundown sea, and success to my friend's last and best undertaking."

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Century* for August—the midsummer holiday number—contains among many other excellent things a sketch portrait of John Burroughs, also a concise review of his last two books, by Edith M. Thomas. The five excellently prepared and finely illustrated war papers, give a full and glowing description of the battle of Fredericksburg. The art student will find much to instruct and please the eye in the "Western art movement," and accompanying illustrations. One can almost fancy himself on the historic Rhine in the sketch of "Heidelberg," and its castles grand. "Falsehood of extremes" deals with the vital topic labor and capital in an able manner. It is full of good things and should be read by all.

The *Overland Monthly* for August comes laden with its usual freight of bright and interesting articles. It contains no less than six short stories, of rather a humorous style; a very interesting paper on Fort Humboldt, with reference to General Grant's sojourn as Captain Grant. The poetical department has three sweet songs and one amusing ballad. The reviews and editorials are pithy and to the point. The *Overland* should have many readers on this coast.

The August *St. Nicholas*, as usual, is welcomed by its thousands of young and old readers as a feast of good things. The youths of our land have no better educator than the *St. Nicholas*, which is always full of pleasingly told historic events, natural scenery of wood and field, illustrated in life-like truthfulness, and romance just suited for the youthful mind.

INSPIRATION DISCOURSES.—Miss M. H. Young of Boston, and acting agent for Mr. Colville's lectures at Berkeley Hall, in that city, has collected some twenty-seven of the discourses delivered through his inspiration at that place, and had them bound in a neat volume. They have been carefully culled and represent a wide range of subjects, spiritual, ethical and historical, which are dealt with as only that incomparable wonder could deal with them. She also has the same lectures in pamphlet form for the small sum of five cents a piece, with the exception of the larger pamphlet which contains three lectures, answers to questions, and impromptu poems, given at the residence of Lady Caithness, Duchess de Pomar, Paris; this one can be obtained for fifteen cents. Orders for any or all these lectures can be sent to Miss Young, Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, this city, and will be promptly attended to. Miss Young is a faithful worker in the Spiritualistic ranks. She is a refined, scholarly lady, and was for many years a teacher in the public schools in the Athens of America.

Onset Notes.

MEETING, as usual, held every day during the past week. Many new arrivals of prominent Spiritualists are noticed. Today, Sunday, the largest attendance as yet this year; fully ten thousand people are here. The railroads ran excursion trains and two steamers from neighboring ports, bringing many passengers. Morning services opened by a band concert, followed by Mr. Charles Dawbarn, of New York, who was well received by the large and intellectual audience. Mr. Joseph D. Stiles, the wonderful platform test medium, occupied the rostrum next. Mr. Stiles gave about one hundred names in half an hour, all of them being recognized.

Afternoon services at 2 o'clock commenced with band concert, Mrs. R. S. Lillie being the speaker. A slight sprinkling of rain caused the audience to adjourn to the Temple, and as the Temple will not hold over two thousand, many were deprived the pleasure of listening to this eminent lady speaker. Mrs. Jaffery, of Kansas City, rendered a solo, and received hearty applause, Mr. Joseph S. Stiles closing with his usual test seances. It is a pleasure to your correspondent to note the perfect order that is maintained through out the grove, and such deep interest manifested by the people in Spiritualism.

M.

ONSET, Mass., July 25, 1886.

Dr. Schlesinger in San Jose.

[The San Jose Daily News has this to say of our friend Dr. Schlesinger, of Oakland:]

Dr. Schlesinger of Oakland, the noted spiritual medium who caused the recent radical change in the views of Rev. N. F. Ravlin, is an Englishman and apparently more than 60 years of age. He is a benevolent looking old gentleman and unusually sensitive. His mission appears to be to convince skeptics that there is a hereafter and that it is possible for the living to communicate with the so-called dead. He does not advertise as a medium and makes no charge for sittings, being satisfied with the opportunity of spreading what he terms "the truth." He is the guest temporarily of Dr. Stansbury in Martin's Block on First Street, and the hundreds of our citizens, who have visited him during the past two days, are not inclined to blame Mr. Ravlin for becoming an advocate of Modern Spiritualism.

The census returns for Paris have just been issued. The population numbers 2,254,306 souls, showing the small increase of 14,378 since the last census taken five years ago, in 1881. In ten out of the twenty arrondissements the population has diminished.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Raps.

Among the many strange phenomena of the nineteenth century, which if prophesied in the eighteenth could only have been understood as supra-mundane or miraculous, one of the strangest of all is that of independent rappings, which under certain simple conditions audibly emanate from no one knows where or how, with the most complete and utter disregard for each and all known scientific laws. Many men of exact science, understanding no possible law by which to account for them the theory of spirit having been as an entity, long since discarded, satisfy themselves by classing the evidence of such raps among the superstitions and hallucinations which their exact science can account for: and let the matter rest at that.

They have exhausted themselves in explaining and exploding by the evolutionary theory the miracles and superstitions of the past, which, if not yet quite demolished to their own satisfaction, are at least placed on a basis where they can be intelligibly understood without the necessity of going beyond the confines of our physical and mental world. But these raps, if what they are claimed to be, would quite upset the serenity of their minds; it is true they in nowise conflict with any established theory founded on facts, such theories being necessary aids to the conception of the possibility of raps occurring through purely natural laws; but their philosophies do not cease where physical facts leave off; they have gone a little beyond; they have stated that there can be no return from beyond death, claiming such to be contrary to natural laws have placed a boundary on Nature and what she can do; that the good dame has at last started in in earnest to obliterate. And good old Orthodoxy delighted in at last finding some common ground on which she is not at open hostility with these dread scientists whose love of open truth is playing such sad havoc with her noblest youth, gladly wheels into line with science and agnosticism, and from her pulpit reechoes their words that "There can be no return from beyond death; at least," there she qualifies her remarks, "not for several years; and never in the future," here she has to 'take some more water, "At least not for some time."

O Consistency! If indeed thou wert a reality, what a chance thou wouldst have to shine in this fearfully wonderful nineteenth century! But to return to our raps, which claim to be made by people who have returned from beyond the grave, or the heaven, or the hell where these consistent people have placed them to remain forever, in spite of the trouble they are like, at no distant day, to give to our wise agnostics and the orthodox. Besides these, and sundry other "ists" and "ians" there is now, and always has been, a class of steady-going thinking people, who were pleased to mind their own business and not interfere with Nature by throwing great junks of logic and creeds in her path; they recognize that she has a path, always had one, and ignorantly think she always will, along which, with perhaps at times accelerated pace, she will always travel. This year she will pass some new facts which the scientific and orthodox kickers will kick at; next year they will accept them; in ten years will claim to have discovered them, and, bye and bye, claim to have prophesied them in advance.

But our steady going thinking people, having no creed or system which anything real and true in nature will dislodge; living for the enjoyment of the life they know best in such a manner as best complies with the most evident of nature's laws; seeing how much nature has done for them here, find no reason to fear what she will do with them hereafter; and, when at last nature has allowed them a little knowledge, through plain simple little raps, of the great future awaiting the good and pure, they thankfully accept the knowledge so given, and can consistently add it to their previous stock of knowledge of actual facts.

Had some of the great scientists and leading church luminaries been invited to a little seance, an hundred years ago, where a latter day miracle called a telephone was in operation, and listened to the words of friends known to be hundreds of miles away, without understanding or having explained to them any more than they then knew about the principles of the telephone—well! For the sake of the man who might have shown them the telephone let us be thankful that he did not do it. Their attitude towards raps to-day shows what it would have been towards telephones a hundred years ago. The trouble with raps was that they came in advance of a theory, and the orthodox and the scientific got their backs up so high forty years ago, at such an idea, that they have not got them down yet.

G. F. B.

Off for Victoria.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Owing to the "heated term" the Society here has decided to adjourn till September, and we are going to a cooler clime. At the earnest solicitation of the Victoria Society, Mr. Geo. P. Colby has gone to that city to spend a month and minister to the spiritual wants of our British cousins. He will be back in time to attend the Clackamas County Association's Camp-Meeting in September. They are making vigorous efforts to hold

a meeting at New Era, Oregon, that will surpass all previous meetings at that place. They hold two a year, one in the Spring and the other in the Fall. Hoping to be able to give you a full account of their next effort, I am, Yours fraternally,

C. T. E.

AFFABLE TRAVELLER (to neighbor in a railway car): Your name is very familiar to me, Mr. —er—ah—. Quiet stranger: My name is Mactzonetski est Koroczoc-toether. I am a Pole. Affable traveller: Yes, er—it isn't your name so much as your face. I was about to say your face was very familiar to me. Quiet stranger: Yes, I have just been in Sing Sing prison fourteen years. I was discharged this morning. [Affable traveller keeps on travelling.]—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

WHAT is called a gospel wagon is set in motion every Sunday afternoon in Washington, under the auspices of the Central Union Mission. It is an omnibus, containing a cabinet organ, six or eight good singers and several persons to make addresses. It visits three centers of non-church-going people each Sunday.

A GRAND OFFER.

Two gentlemen who are deeply interested in the spread of spiritual truths, and who believe that the GOLDEN GATE is worthy of general circulation among the people,—Hon. Amos Adams of this city, and Hon. I. C. Steele of Pescadero,—have placed at our disposal the sum of two hundred dollars (one hundred dollars each), to be given in premiums for two hundred new subscribers for the GOLDEN GATE. As this offer is made for the purpose of extending the circulation of the paper among a new class of readers, who we are confident will become permanent subscribers when once they know its value, renewals by present subscribers can not be included in the offer; although the latter can avail themselves of our usual club rates, if they so choose.

The above sum will be paid out until the premium is exhausted, at the rate of \$5 for each five yearly subscribers, and \$1 for each additional subscriber exceeding five, to any one who will interest themselves enough in the matter to earn the same. After the first five, additional names may be sent as they are obtained.

It is not at all improbable that other Spiritualists of means will add to the sum, and thereby aid in promoting the grandest cause that was ever presented for intelligent consideration.

There is not a town on this coast of a thousand inhabitants where from five to twenty subscribers for the GOLDEN GATE could not be obtained in a few hours' effort of some earnest worker in the cause.

We shall open separate accounts with all competitors for the above premiums, and keep our readers advised, from week to week, of the numbers of subscribers obtained under the above offer.

Our terms of subscription (\$2.50 per annum) are lower than those of other weekly papers of this class, and are quite as low as the paper can be afforded. Other Spiritual papers, that have been long in the field, have a large advantage over any new paper in their valuable advertising patronage, which is a matter of growth and age, and which will come to us in time.

There is an ample field for a first-class weekly journal, in the interest of spiritual thought and unfoldment, upon this coast. There are thousands of Spiritualists here, and other thousands of investigators in our facts and philosophy, who have little or no knowledge of the GOLDEN GATE. A little persistent effort on the part of the friends of the cause, just now, can not fail of introducing our paper into many homes where we are sure it will be a welcome visitor.

In remitting subscriptions under the above proposed offer, agents may retain their premium of \$1 for each subscriber; but the first remittance must be for not less than five subscribers, or \$7.50.

Six months' subscriptions will be received on the above terms, the agent to receive fifty cents for each subscriber.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE—W. J. COLVILLE, Lecturer; Albert Morton, Manager. Services for Sunday, August 1st. At 10:45 a. m., lecture. Subject: "Are We Not All Ministering Spirits?" At 2:30 p. m., answers to questions. At 7:45 p. m., lecture. Subject: "The Ideal Republic—The Blue and Gray United." Poems from subjects chosen by the audience will be given at each service. Solos by W. J. Colville, Jos. W. Maguire and Miss Grace Henderson. Evening service will close promptly at 9:30.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 117, Larkin street. First hour—Trance and Inspirational Speaking. Second hour—Tests, by the Mediums. Admission, free.

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june26-tf

FORM OF REQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

PASS THEM ALONG.

We printed large extra editions of all the earlier numbers of the GOLDEN GATE, many copies of which we have yet on hand. As interesting samples they are just as good to send to those who have never seen the paper as the latest edition. We will send these papers in packages, postage paid, to whoever may wish to scatter the good seed, for fifty cents per hundred copies—package of fifty copies, twenty-five cents.

MR. AND MRS. FRED EVANS.

These wonderful young mediums beg to inform their friends and the public that they will not hold evening seances for a few weeks. Due notice will be given on their commencement.

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GOLDEN GATE EUROPEAN AGENCY.

H. A. KERRY, No. 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will act as agent in England for the GOLDEN GATE, during the absence of J. J. Morse, receiving subscriptions thereat at 12s 6d per annum, postage included.

Matter.

[An extract from a discourse by the control of J. J. Morse, published in the Banner of Light.]

The evidences of material solidity that are presented to you on every hand are, of course, considered to be quite sufficient to insure the idea in your mind that this world is at least a real world. "You may say whatever you choose of the world of spirits; this we can swear to—there is nothing feathery or fanciful about this. The trees of the forest are substantial, and real; the towering mountains are unquestionable in their height and reality; the heaving sea admits of no dispute. Here is matter, solid, firm-seated and deep-founded, and there can be no question that this is a very real world." But we are going to put this "very real world," little by little, out of sight; we are going to press it back upon itself; and with each increase of pressure it will grow less and less real and visible; until at last, though it were made of solid granite itself and were as hard and enduring thereas, yet still it would disappear, it would be invisible. For the solid and tangible condition of matter to-day is but a result, and not reality itself. There is evidence in nature, in matter, for precisely the same sort of action that we referred to in connection with the physical body. There is an incessant motion and activity, a constant translation of atoms through all the various departments of material existence. Change, displacement, growth, maturity, then a period of rest, then decay. This is the incessant order in every department of organic nature. It is equally disclosed in inorganic nature, and we are brought face to face with precisely a similar class of questions—to account for this constant activity—that we were faced with in regard to the human body, "What is the cause? Must it ever remain an insoluble question?" Our opinion is—no. The philosophy of after-times will certainly embrace the solution of the difficulty. It will be readily accepted, and perhaps it may be—we say it with no feeling of egotism—that the answer will come something in the way we shall have to submit presently.

This solid world might almost be called a throbbing, breathing, living thing. The very forces of nature, the nervous, vital fluids that animate his ball terrestrial, the fiery heat within her, this animal warmth that maintains and sustains the physical—these and other abundant parallels suggest to your mind the idea of similarity between the world, as a body and yourself. And poets will tell you that the world hath speech, smiles and loving glances for those whose ears are attuned to human music, who can catch her glory, whose souls can reciprocate her living benevolence. These, you say, are but "poetic dreams," not to be dealt with when matter has to be considered. Unquestionably, this world, as it stands to-day, results from something that preceded it; or, as we put it just now, the tangibility of the world to-day is a result, and not in itself an absolute condition. A result of what? A result, we shall be told, in some sort of scientific jargon, of processes of material development which would have brought the ultimate atoms of matter into certain relationship due to the varying conditions of matter that, in process of time, are observed in terrestrial life. It means precisely what we are endeavoring to place before you, in a less cumbersome way, that what we have said is strictly true, that the tangibility of the world to-day is a result impressed upon your consciousness because of certain conditions in the primal elements which have produced the very results you experience, and, therefore, give you an idea and bring you face to face with this world now.

But if we are to proceed in this way it would be advisable that we select an instance to enable us to carry the process of our reasoning clearly before you. Supposing, to quote our resolve of solving enduring matter, we have a piece of this material before us—a piece of granite. Everybody will of course be agreed as to its ponderability. We strike it heavily and gradually reduce it to powder—to a fine and almost an impalpable dust. Its ponderability still remains, so, also, to some extent, its tangibility, but both have been very much modified by the process to which it has been subjected. Supposing we place it in a retort and apply fire, reducing it to a liquid by intense heat; it has gradually retreated from the region of the ponderable. Suppose we increase this heat and dissipate the gas; its ponderability has gone—soared away to the region of the imponderable; and the suggestion is forced upon us that if the internal heat of the world were increased sufficiently, the rock-ribbed earth herself might be dissipated in her own component gases, and the emblem of eternity, the solid universe itself, would melt away, leaving scarcely a trace behind. "Ha!" but the man of science says, "though you have reduced your specimen to liquid and to gas, you have not destroyed it. The elements that made it what it was are there, and you have only changed their mutual relationship. The atoms are now driven further and further apart from each other, until their relations have become so attenuated that you only know them as component gases; it may be found, upon analysis, that you have not destroyed the elements that made this piece of granite." This we are willing to grant, but that piece of granite, ponderable and tangible when it stood before you, was only ponderable and tangible as

a result of the coming together into close relationship of the atoms that composed the gases, until by this close relationship they cohere and present their external side to your external apprehension.

What we have suggested as a purely experimental piece of evidence has been performed as a piece of practical chemistry for untold ages. For you may trace the world, and every part of her life, back to a period when the present condition of things was as unlikely in appearance as your bodies would be unlikely in appearance from the condition they were originally derived from. Still further back, until at last you are forced by the logic and facts to come to the conclusion that the sentient life, vegetable life, and all forms of terrestrial life, upon the surface of the globe, the very soil, mountains, rivers, lakes and seas were all non-existent, and were subsequently rendered possible by the varying conditions in the sum of what is called matter to-day. But running the tale backward we lose sight of the world little by little, step by step, and as you read the lesson of the rocks, you are forced to come to the conclusion that there was a period when the Fire King reigned supreme in this terrestrial world, and all forms of life were utterly impossible (salmonanders not excepted); that, in short, the world has been spinning on her course through her fiery way. Where is your matter, your solid reality? What has become of your ponderable substance? They have gone back to the region of gases, to the region of forces and essences, back to the region of ether—gone out of sight so far as the ponderable and substantial world is concerned. Ponderability is a result of the variation of conditions of the sum of matter, and in itself an absolute condition, or fact, associated therewith.

And might we not argue, by parity of reasoning, that if we trace backward and come to a region of imponderability, by going forward may not a similar result be ultimately traced? And if it is from the imponderable downward to the tangible, might it not be up or away from the tangible to the imponderable again? It might be that the materiality we are considering is only a sort of halting place between the imponderable that was and the imponderable that is to be, and as, perchance, the organic that has been elaborated from all that preceded it, may it not be that, going forward in the scheme of life, still superior conditions will be elaborated, so that the imponderable that is to be may be as superior in all its possibilities to the imponderable that was as the organic life that is superior and distinct to the orders of organic life in the initial instance? The especial point is this: The further you trace matter back by any process of analysis, mental or mechanical, the less and less you see of matter, until at last it eludes the physical senses altogether, and the most delicate philosophical instruments are required to detect its operations. What is the vitalizing element (shall we call it?) that insures a state of translation, or activity, in the domain of matter, which activity is the only foundation for the infinite succession of change that nature eternally presents for your consideration? There must be a something beneath all this change, and we again ask what is this something? The only thing that we can be quite sure of in regard to this something appears to be this: that whatever it may be, it renders possible the infinite variety of changes, and therefore all the conditions nature has ever presented, or will ever present. Are we treading upon the border-land of some startling supposition, that matter and spirit may, after all, be the opposite conditions of the one substance? Is it possible that matter and spirit may, as it were, be the artery and pulse of being that the Deity for an inscrutable mystery has placed within the universe? Is it possible that matter may be spirit in its crude condition from material or organic being upward to spirit in its highest aspect? But whether it be matter so-called, or spirit so-called, these terms only refer to different conditions, and after all, they are the results of the one same substance, God, immanent, eternally self-conscious and unceasingly active through all the atoms of physical or spiritual existence. This seems to us a rational solution: That instead of matter and spirit existing as separate and distinct existences, they are only variations and conditions of the one fountain and reality.

Here, then, we think it wise to leave the topic. Let us, then, in conclusion, place one other conception of this question before you: We have seen how, by a process of analysis, hard materiality may be resolved into an imponderable, or nebulous, condition. Of necessity whatever is true of this particular world must at the same time have been true of the primary whence this world was derived. It, in its turn, must have had an origin from a source of still more refined matter; until at last by sheer necessity we are driven beyond the point of anything approaching tangibility, and we must confess that the next step can only be to the Infinite Source itself.

The tendency to belief in supernatural agencies seems connected with and deduced from the invaluable conviction of the certainty of a future state.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

COL. INGERSOLL declared that he hoped there was a world to come, but did not know it; Spiritualism knows it, and Spiritualists are already in communion with those that have entered the spiritual world.

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[New York Beacon Light.]

"Yes, the subject of Spiritualism is full of problems of the deepest interest," said a gentleman who is well-known in business circles the other day. "I do not bother my neighbors with them, however, in fact I seldom mention the subject to unbelievers; firstly, those who are ignorant in the matter regard a man who knows something about it as a kind of lunatic; and secondly, because I think that people who really wish to learn the facts will investigate for themselves instead of arguing."

"Then you really believe that the dead return?"

"Why not? If you come to think of it the only strong *prima facie* reason for discrediting it comes from theological prejudice. The clergy has instilled into us protestants that when we die we are stowed away 'under the altar' to wait 'the day of judgment.' Do away with that utterly gratuitous supposition, which is contrary to the whole course and continuity of matter, and you get rid of the mental difficulty which so many people experience in accepting as a fact their own continued existence, which they mechanically profess to believe."

"But is not Spiritualism contrary to the whole course and continuity of nature? Those whose lives have been devoted to a study of nature declares it to be. *Credo expetitur*. Ask Huxley, Tynall and company."

"The scientists, as scientists, have put themselves out of court in the matter, by declaring, without examining the evidence, that the spiritual world has no real existence, and that even if it had it would present no interest to science, whose province it is to deal with material things. The scientists, however, have got their hands pretty fully already, for the material universe is a very wonderful and beautiful one; and a thousandth part of it is not yet explored. Science has got its own work to do and you do not perhaps realize how difficult it is for a man who has just read an elaborate paper before a learned society upon 'The inner layer of Epithelium cells of the cuticle of the abdominal wall of a mouse' to settle his mind down to the consideration of the immortal life of man."

"Still a grain of fact is worth a ship load of fancy."

"The belief of all ages, my young sir, has been that the spiritual world is not a matter of fancy. You must not forget that materialism in its present form is a growth almost as new in the world as Modern Spiritualism itself, and has to-day probably much fewer adherents. The main question between Materialism and Spiritualism is, after all, an exceedingly simple one, namely: whether the whole of nature is comprised in what we can perceive by our external senses, or whether there is a part of nature, and probably by far the larger part, of which at present we have hardly any cognizance—not having been endowed with the organs and faculties necessary to perceive it spontaneously during our earth-life; but which is just as real as the part of nature of which we have now an every day experience."

"Is it not hard to believe that if this other part of nature had any real existence people would not long ago have found out about it?"

"There never has been any age or country in which men have not had glimpses of the invisible world. All sacred books are full of it; so, even, is sacred history. It is only a Spiritualist, however, that can understand these illusions, and separate the wheat from the chaff. The naturalist dismisses them all as stupid inventions, and each religionist swallows his own marvels on the half shell and turns up his nose at those of his neighbors. New things are sometimes true: however, you must remember that ever since man appeared on the earth until a few years ago, man believed that when he looked at the rainbow he saw all there was of it; but lastly, as you know, scientists have discovered that beyond the visible spectrum of the sun there is a far larger invisible spectrum which has a much more powerful effect, both chemical and vitalizing. Now suppose that you or I were to say to the scientist: 'I cannot see your spectrum or feel it, or smell it, or taste it, or hear it. Bah! what ridiculous nonsense, you scientists talk about new fangled invisible spectrums! Would not the invisible answer: My friend, the invisible spectrum requires certain conditions to become perceptible; its real existence however, is easily demonstrated to the candid enquirer, and moreover its action in the universe accounts for many phenomena which were inexplicable before? But when any one says to Mr. Scientist that there is an invisible universe whose existence he could, if he took the trouble, verify even more easily than that of his invisible spectrum; he fails to perceive what a simpleton he makes of himself by asserting that an invisible universe cannot exist because it requires unusual conditions in order to make itself evident, and does not at all hours spontaneously affect his five senses.'"

"But you must allow that the existence of hitherto unknown forces in nature is a very different thing to the ephemeral appearance of solid materialized forms."

"Our belief in both comes from the same source; namely, what our senses tell us and what we infer from the information thus received."

"There seems however to be something

in the human mind to accept the reality of a hypothetical force than of an unexplained but actual phenomenon, for which reason I would not advise any investigator to witness materialization before he has passed through an elementary course of the minor details. These he will of course attribute to psychic force, or some such power, and therefore he will be able to believe them to be facts. It is wonderful how long some investigators cling to psychic force. I have known a table to follow a man around the room by itself, and intelligent messages to be rapped out on any article of furniture indicated, and then was solemnly assured that it was nothing but psychic force that did it. When the neophyte begins to get direct slate-writing, and has his hair stroked by a detached hand he finds his psychic force theory getting shaky, but it is too late to go back then, for a belief in the phenomena has crept into his mind under the psychic force pretense. When he sees an old friend whose funeral he had perhaps attended, and that old friend comes to him apparently as much alive and as solid as he is himself; shakes hands, slaps him on the back, laughs and chats, and then quietly says good-bye, and sinks bodily into the carpet at his feet, I tell you his psychic force theory dematerializes also."

"Where is one to get his first lesson in table rapping?"

"At home my dear sir. You would be astonished if you knew how many thousands of families all over the world now sit for the phenomena—and hundreds of them get manifestations equalling if not exceeding those of the public mediums. It is kept profoundly secret, however, as a rule. You have doubtless heard of the philosophers who were enjoying a joke together when one of them said: 'We must be serious now, here comes a fool.' The opponents of Spiritualism don't seem to be aware that if they succeed to-day in suppressing every public medium, and destroy the whole enormous literature on the subject, they would not check the development of Spiritualism to an appreciable degree, for the simple reason that people now know that latent mediumship is comparatively common. Even as lately as ten years ago a medium was supposed to be a very exceptionally endowed person—a kind of natural human loadstone who had a monopoly of the mysterious power of attracting spirits; now, however, it has been discovered that just as artificial magnets can be made out of a piece of steel, so can mediumship be artificially induced in a considerable proportion of persons. Spontaneous mediumship is, no doubt, extremely rare, but there are probably very few families in which one or more members would not develop some degree or phase of the power were they to give as much time and patience to it as would be required to learn some trivial accomplishment."

"It is a pity that men of science don't take the subject up."

"Perhaps so; but for my part I regard any appeal to men of science to pass judgment on Spiritualism as a complete farce. It is the only instance I ever heard of in which people who are absolutely and confessedly ignorant of a subject are called upon to give a verdict about it. What kind of a scientist, pray, would you have take Spiritualism up? A geologist? a mathematician? a botanist? a philologist? Go through the whole list and you will not find one whose accumulation of special knowledge entitles his opinion in this case to any more value than yours or mine."

"Is it the scientific method of treating things that men acquire who devote their lives to science, that would be valuable in estimating Spiritualism?"

"Each science has got its own set method of dealing with its subject matter, and its own particular apparatus and set of rules of procedure which are generally inapplicable to any other. In this case we have to deal with an entirely novel set of phenomena, and to estimate evidence of a new kind; and a legal training could, to my mind, be a better preparation for the investigation of Spiritualism than scientific studies; but an intelligent man goes further in the seance room than either lawyer or scientist. He is more inclined to observe than to experiment, and to wait and let the manifestations develop without interruption; moreover, he is not so wise in his own conceit, and has fewer pet theories to defend, and is therefore more open to receive the evidence as it comes. As to its being necessary to have had a scientific training in order not to be fooled by mediums, that is all rubbish. Scientists have no monopoly of common sense. There are lots of firm believers in Spiritualism who could double discount most scientists in knowledge of human nature, capacity to detect fraud, and hard-headed all-round shrewdness. In fact it is an open secret that the man of science is generally more or less of a simpleton outside of his laboratory or lecture hall. He would quickly find out what a stiff-jointed ignoramus he is in some things were he to enter a newspaper office or other live business; and my experience has been that he is the biggest kind of a blunderer in the seance room. No one has more respect for men of science in their own sphere than I have. The only pity is that when they modestly confess, as they generally will, that they know but little after all—they should mentally add, as they sometimes do: 'But what we don't know isn't worth knowing.'"

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Devoted to the Interests of Humanity and Spiritualism. Also, a Mouth-piece of the American and Eastern Congress in Spirit Life.

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PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OR,—

Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN.

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition;

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the *San Jose Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the *bouquet* which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times*.

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. * * * It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer*.

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the *Mercury* by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight*.

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate*.

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post*.

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. *San Benito Advance*.

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings*.

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant*.

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call*.

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Papeirian*.

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian*.

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alchemy of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-known language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press*.

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochefoucauld, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette*

PRICE in cloth, ONE DOLLAR.

Searching or Living?

Oh well, the world, what know I now?
What more than I knew then—
The sun came up, the earth turned round,
The sun went down again.
You touched my cheek, you kissed my hand,
You kissed it o'er and over;
The butterflies glanced in and out
Among the scented clover.
Among the scented clover blooms,
The bees were busy going,
A shower of flakes on the ground
The cherry tree was snowing,
I heard you faintly dim speech—
But whispering beyond it,
The sky-marked mountain summit held
Its mystery recondite.
The sky-marked summit proved a lie,—
The dome of naked places
And farther, farther was the sky
And wider all the spaces;
And up is down and down is up,
And day is only sight,
And darkness only dark because
We can not see the light.
And what knows he—though know he all
The paltry searching done
What knoweth he but turn of earth
And rise and set of sun.
I hear you faintly dim speech
Away beyond recalling,
And smell the clover's scent and see
The cherry blossoms falling,
The life is best, the love is best
Whose richest gift is giving,
And wisest he that knoweth this
And lives the sweet of living.

—MADGE MORRIS, in "Literary Life."

Good-Night!

Good-night, dear friend! I say good-night to thee
Across the moonbeams, tremulous and white,
Bridging all space between us, it may be.
Lean low, sweet friend; it is the last good-night.
For, lying low upon my couch, and still,
The fever flush vanished from my face,
I heard them whisper softly, "Tis His will;
Angels will give her happier resting-place!"
And so from sight of tears that fell like rain,
And sounds of sobbing smothered close and low,
I turned my white face to the window-pane,
To say good-night to thee before I go.
Good-night! good-night! I do not fear the end,
The conflict with the billows dark and high;
And yet, if I could touch thy hand, my friend,
I think it would be easier to die;
If I could feel through all the quiet waves
Of my deep hair thy tender breath athrill,
I could go downward to the place of graves
With eyes ashine and pale lips smiling still;
Or it may be that, if through all the strife
And pain of parting I should hear thy call,
I would come singing back to sweet, sweet life,
And know no mystery of death at all.
It may not be. Good-night, dear friend, good-night!
And when you see the violets again,
And hear, through boughs with swollen buds awake,
The gentle falling of the April rain,
Remember her whose young life held thy name
With all things holy, in its outward flight,
And turn sometimes from busy haunts of men
To hear again her low good-night! good-night!

Sad Ventures.

I stood and watched my ships go out,
Each, one by one, unmooring, free,
What time the quiet harbor filled
With flood-tide from the sea.
The first that sailed, her name was Joy;
She spread a smooth, white, shining sail,
And eastward drove with bending spars
Before the sighing gale.
Another sailed, her name was Hope;
No cargo in her hold she bore;
Thinking to find in western lands
Of merchandise a store.
The next that sailed, her name was Love;
She showed a red flag at her mast,—
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And she sped South right fast.
The last that sailed, her name was Faith;
Slowly she took her passage forth,
Tacked and lay to; at last she steered
A straight course for the North.
My gallant ships, they sailed away
Over the shimmering Summer sea;
I stood at watch for many a day—
But one came back to me.
For Joy was caught by pirate Pain;
Hope ran upon a hidden reef,
And Love took fire and foundered fast
In whelming seas of grief.
Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn—
She recompensed me all my loss;
For, as a cargo safe, she brought
A crown linked to a cross.

—BOSTON CULTIVATOR.

Music in the Soul.

Over my soul the great thoughts roll
Like the waves of a mighty sea;
But clear through the rushing and surging sounds
A wonderful music to me.
So sweet, so low, the harmonies flow;
They rise and they fall, they come and they go;
Wonderful, beautiful, soft, and slow.
Not here, not there, not in this calm air,
Nor born of the silver sea;
Immortal—beyond all the music of man—
It is love that is singing to me.
So sweet, so low, the harmonies flow;
They rise and they fall, they come and they go;
Wonderful, beautiful, soft, and slow.
Not mine alone this melting tone—
The soul of it comes from thee—
For thou in thy bosom art singing of love,
And the music flows over to me.
So sweet, so low, the harmonies flow;
They rise and they fall, they come and they go;
Wonderful, beautiful, soft, and slow.

A Noble Creed.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach,
The soul must overflow if thou
Another soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—BONAR.

"A Modern Prophet."

(From an article in the Boston Herald from the pen of John Wetherbee.)

Now, a word about Colville. When he first appeared in this country, I was the chairman of the spiritual meetings that were held in the Parker Memorial Hall. In engaging speakers, we reserved November for Colville, if he wished to speak in Boston. When he arrived, some of the Spiritualists, including myself, called on him. His presence was youthful and unattractive, his manners odd and English, awkward, and somewhat frivolous. We concluded that one Sunday would finish them, and that we would have to supply the rest of the month elsewhere. He awkwardly appeared on the platform, and, after the musical preliminaries, asked the audience for a subject, and one was given him, which was treated in a masterly manner. He made his mark at once, and is now one of the best known and most popular speakers in the spiritualistic field. He is not an educated man, has had no schooling to speak of. He seems to grow intelligent personally, however, as time rolls on, so that he has improved as a man. Probably the passage of the thoughts through him leave their footprints in his organism, so that they are of some benefit to him, as well as to others.

Let me relate one incident that occurred in the early part of his appearance here. He held some weekly meetings in his parlor. A Baptist minister, who once was settled in this neighborhood (but had resigned on account of poor health, but more on account of a growing liberal tendency in his mind), went with me on one occasion to these parlor gatherings. My friend was not a Spiritualist. The room was well filled on this occasion. Mr. Colville open the meeting with music, singing and playing himself, and was then ready for a subject. My clerical friend had said to me that he would like to have Buddha for a subject. I suppose he had been reading it, but of that I am not certain. As soon as Mr. Colville asked for a subject I said, "Buddha." "What?" said he. I replied, "Buddha." He then addressed them for half or three-quarters of an hour on that subject, and I will venture the assertion that there was not a minister in Boston who could on the spur of the moment, without any preparation, have treated the subject in so historical, logical and condensed a manner—in a word, given so masterly a production—without preparation, or superior to it even with. That was the opinion of my clerical friend, who knew from the circumstances of the case that the subject was unexpected. When Mr. Colville had finished, I asked him what his previous reading or information upon that subject was, and he replied that when it was given he did not know whether Buddha was a plant, an animal or a man. From what I know of Mr. Colville I think he told the truth.

Moral World Forces.

(Christian Register.)

If a visitor from the first century could be set down in our own age, he would be surprised at the operation of the mechanical forces about him. To see a train of cars moving along with the speed of the wind, a steamer moving at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, to catch at the telephone the familiar sound of a voice speaking a hundred miles away, or get a telegram, flashed under the ocean, or across mountain and valley from the Pacific Shore,—such miracles as these would seem to indicate the operation of wholly new forces, such as the world did not possess two thousand years ago. Yet the fact is that the same energies existed then as now. The steam rose from the tea-kettle, the lightning flashed in the sky. The marvel simply is that a tea-kettle could be made to draw a train of cars, and the lightning, so willful and capricious, could become a willing and obedient servant. Science has made us familiar with the law that all forces are but modes of motion, that any form of energy is simply a transference of force from some other form of energy. Matter is constantly changing its garb. Science itself has revealed the "old man of the sea," who assumes innumerable forms, and is yet the same old man in them all.

It is equally so in the moral world. The history of morals and religion shows the transference of energy. Christianity was a transference of energy from Judaism. Streams from Rome and Greece flowed into it, and were converted into a new power. As we look at the great moral and spiritual forces which underlie it, we find nothing new in them, any more than Archimedes would find anything new in the forces which move the engine or clicks in the telegraph. The power was all there, we say. And so it was; but it needed transference, application. So the great world forces of moral and spiritual energy have from time to time needed new embodiment, new channels of expression. Though we can not say that George Stephenson summoned a new force into being, we do feel that he represents an epoch in the industrial energy of the world. Though we can not say that Franklin or Morse invoked any new energy from heaven or made something out of nothing, we do feel that they represented epochs in the application of great forces to the need of humanity.

The geologist may take us to a coal mine, and tell us that there is the real source of our steam power, that even this represents the storage, in by-gone days, of solar heat. But we may ask him who first showed us that coal could be converted into steam, and thus add immensely to the industrial power of the world. So, in moral and religious history, we may be shown fossilized layers of precept deeply imbedded in the constitution of ancient religions. The real question for us is not to doubt the energy they possess, but to ask by what inspiration of the human mind were these dead precepts converted into light and heat for to-day. Perhaps it would be well to call a truce to this measuring of the present with the past, this old dispute as to whether there is anything new under the sun. We have the warrant of Jesus that the best proof for any religion is not in its genealogy, but in its fruits. Its real test is in its dynamic power; what has it accomplished for humanity? When we ask this question of Christianity, perhaps there is no fairer answer than that which Amiel wrote one Easter day in his journal: "In spite of all the aberrations of fanaticism, all the superstitions of formalism, all the ugly superstructures of hypocrisy, all the fanatic puerilities of theology, the gospel has modified the world and consoled mankind. Christian humanity is not much better than pagan humanity; but it would be much worse without a religion, and without this religion. Every religion proposes an ideal and a model. The Christian ideal is sublime, and its model of a divine beauty. We may hold aloof from the churches, and yet bow ourselves before Jesus. We may be suspicious of the clergy, and refuse to have anything to do with catechisms, and yet love the Holy and the Just, who came to save and not to curse. Jesus will always supply us with the best criticism of Christianity; and, when Christianity has passed away, the religion of Jesus will in all probability survive. After Jesus as God, we shall come back to faith in the God of Jesus."

Joseph D. Stiles.

("Facts" for July contains a portrait of Joseph D. Stiles, the eminent platform test medium, and also the following notice of the man and his mediumship:)

We doubt if any other man has been in the field so long as a platform medium, and we have known none who has given so many names of departed friends as he has done. On one occasion, where we were present, he gave names frequently, with some incident proving identity, of two hundred and sixty-five deceased persons in an hour and ten minutes! What person among us could speak for and accurately repeat a message from that number of people, in a moving throng of living beings, in so few minutes, and wait for his description to be recognized? Not one, we believe, nor do we think Mr. Stiles himself could do it without the aid of his control, "Swift Arrow," in whom he justly seems to place implicit confidence.

Mr. Stiles is a New Englander by birth, and resides at Weymouth, Mass., with his mother. He is a bachelor of about fifty-four years of age. He was educated as a printer, and held a responsible position as proof-reader and critic in some government work, we have heard, which vocation he followed till spirits made it impossible. He being a remarkably good writing-medium, he wrote, in 1854 to 1857, in an unconscious trance state, his great work, a volume of messages from the spirit of John Quincy Adams, which we are told was written in a peculiar, tremulous handwriting, a perfect fac-simile of that of Mr. Adams in the last years of his earth life. This book, which is one of the most important of its class, was very interesting, but is now out of print, the plates being destroyed in the great fire of Boston.

Mr. Stiles is an inspirational speaker, never attempting to prepare his lectures, and being naturally unassuming and retiring in nature, and as he has expressed himself to us, always fearful lest some time he might not succeed, he dreads to appear as a lecturer; but we have listened to some purely inspiration lectures given by him which, in matter and diction, we have seldom heard equalled or excelled. Another prominent feature of Mr. Stiles' mediumship is his improvisation of poems, many of which are long, smoothly-flowing, perfect in rhyme and rhythm. It is in his character of test-medium, under control of "Swift Arrow," that Mr. Stiles attracts the most enthusiastic audiences, and becomes one of the foremost exponents of the truth of spirit return.

I AM WITH YOU.—It was a crowded, narrow bit of a Boston street, and, owing to the press, the passers-by had now and then to go in single file. A brawny workman crossed the thoroughfare with a little boy upon his shoulder; but when he reached the narrow pavement, he swung the child down from his high seat upon the walk before him. The little fellow hesitated. People jostled him to right and left. His lips began to quiver, and he looked the picture of dismay. The father seeing this, gave the lad a gentle push, and, leaning over, said in a low tone, "Go ahead, I am with you," and on went the boy working his way in the hurrying throng, inspired by his father's unseen presence and whispered word. There are children of older growth to whom the words "Go ahead, I am with you," from trusted souls, give confidence and help.—*Christian Register.*

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